

# INTOUCH

NUMBER 53 \$3.00

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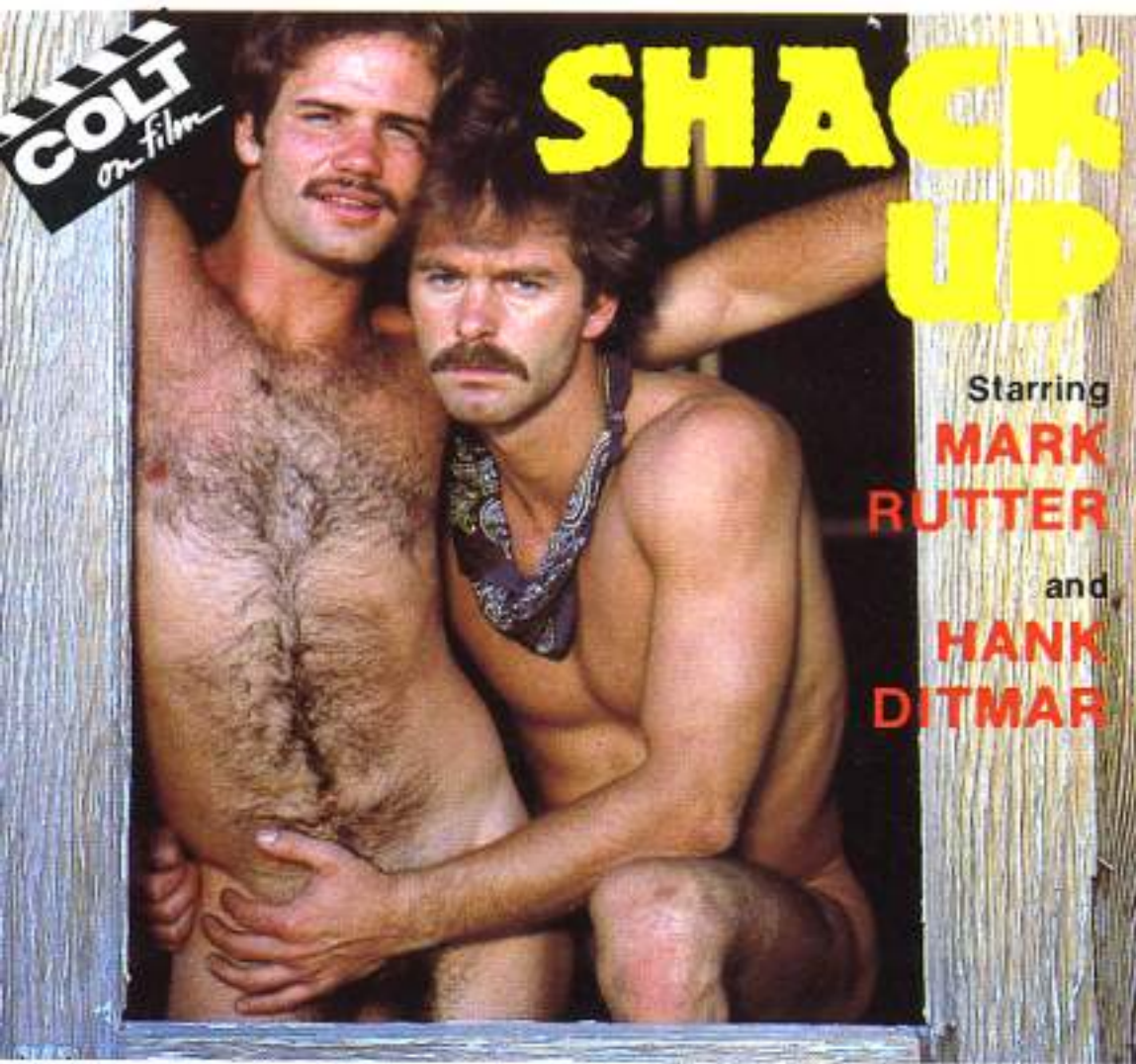


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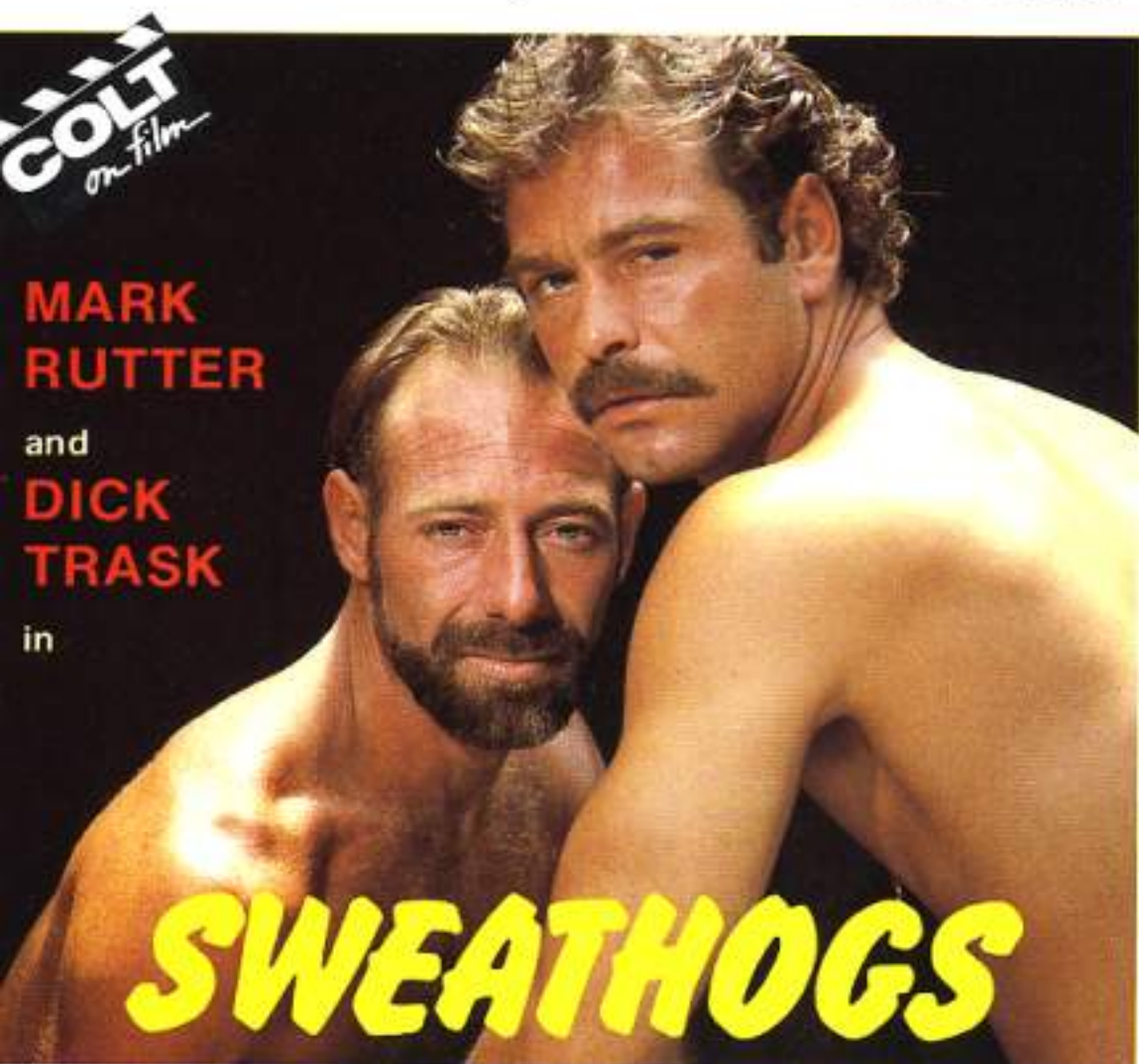


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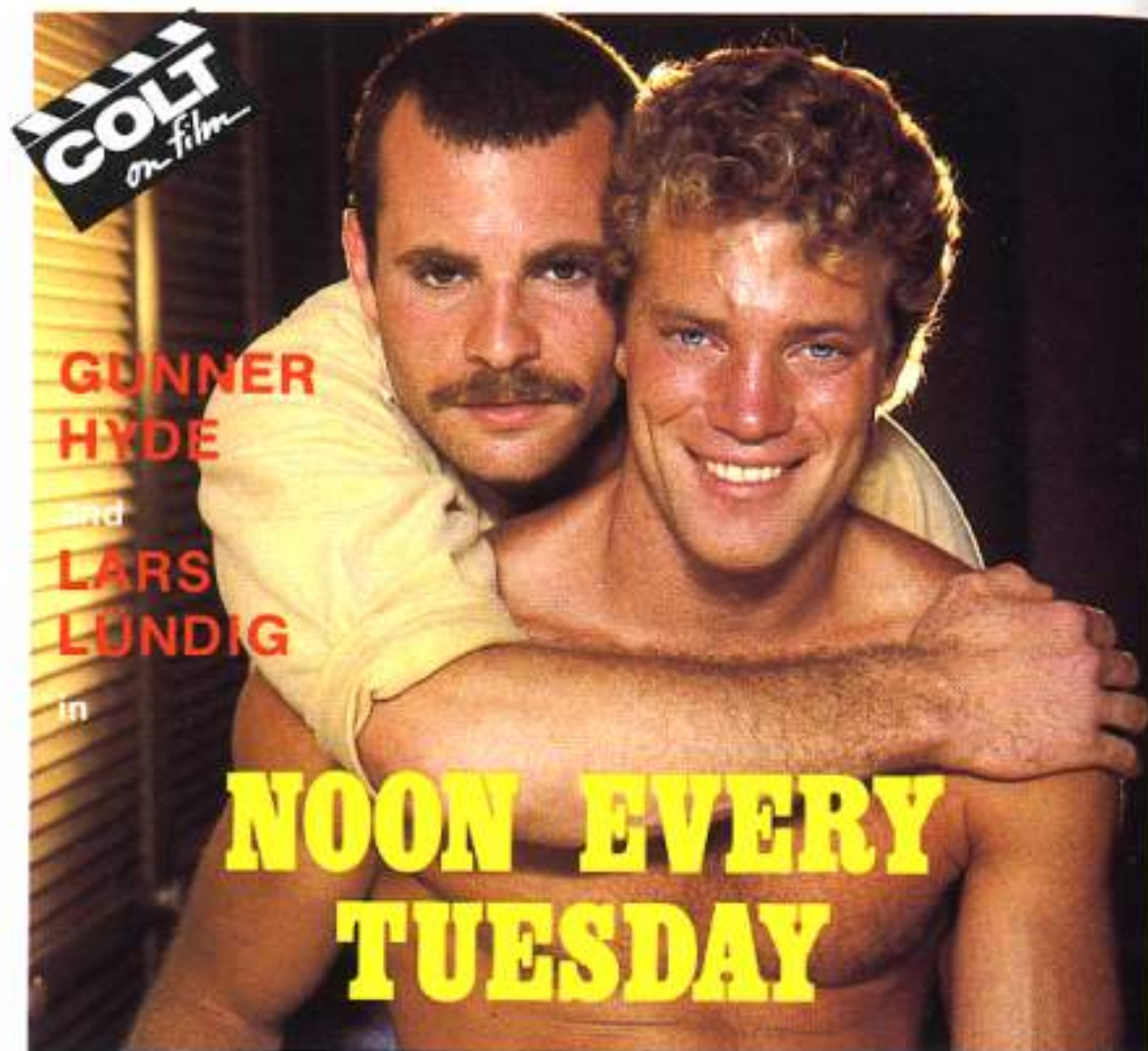


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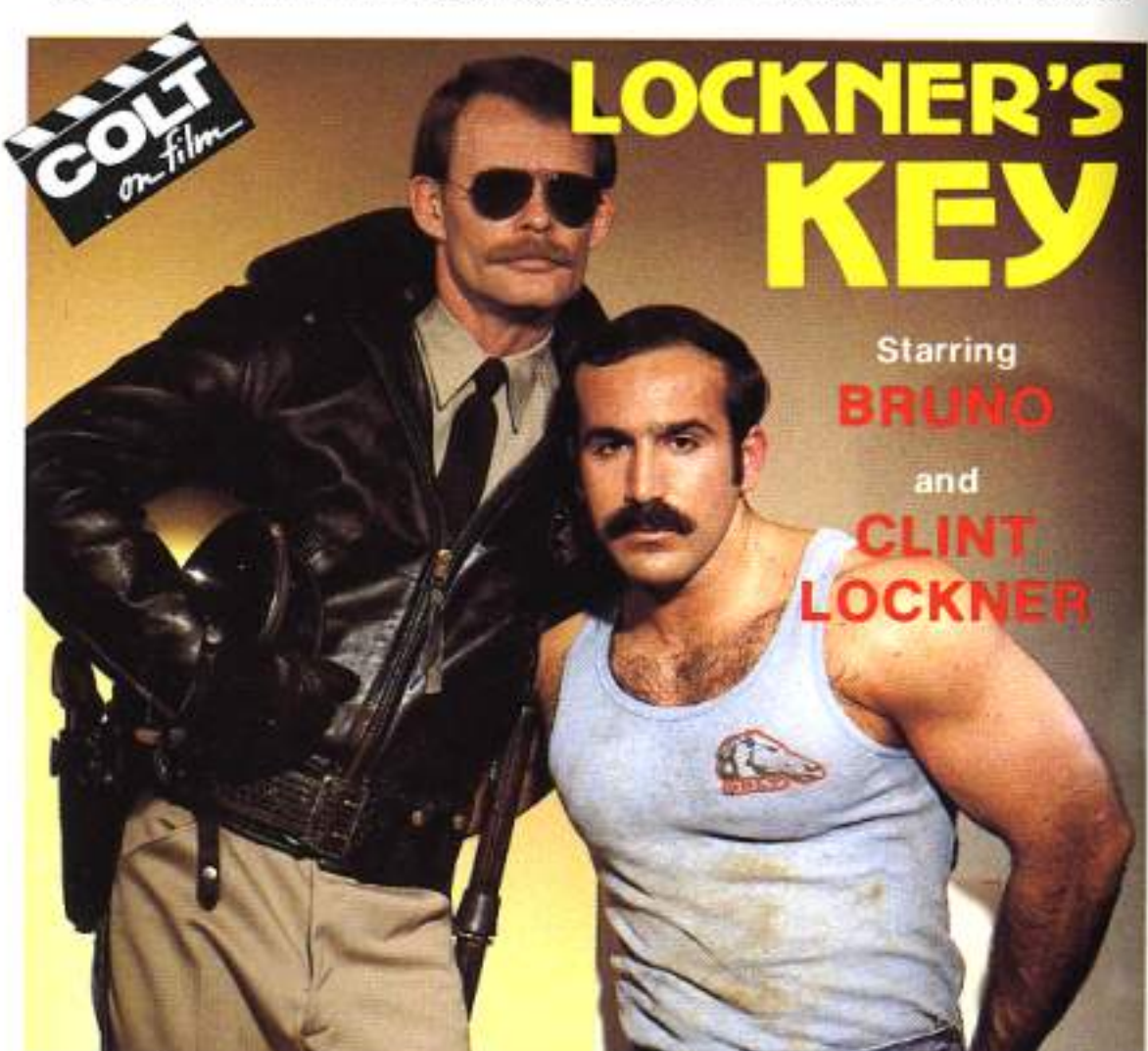


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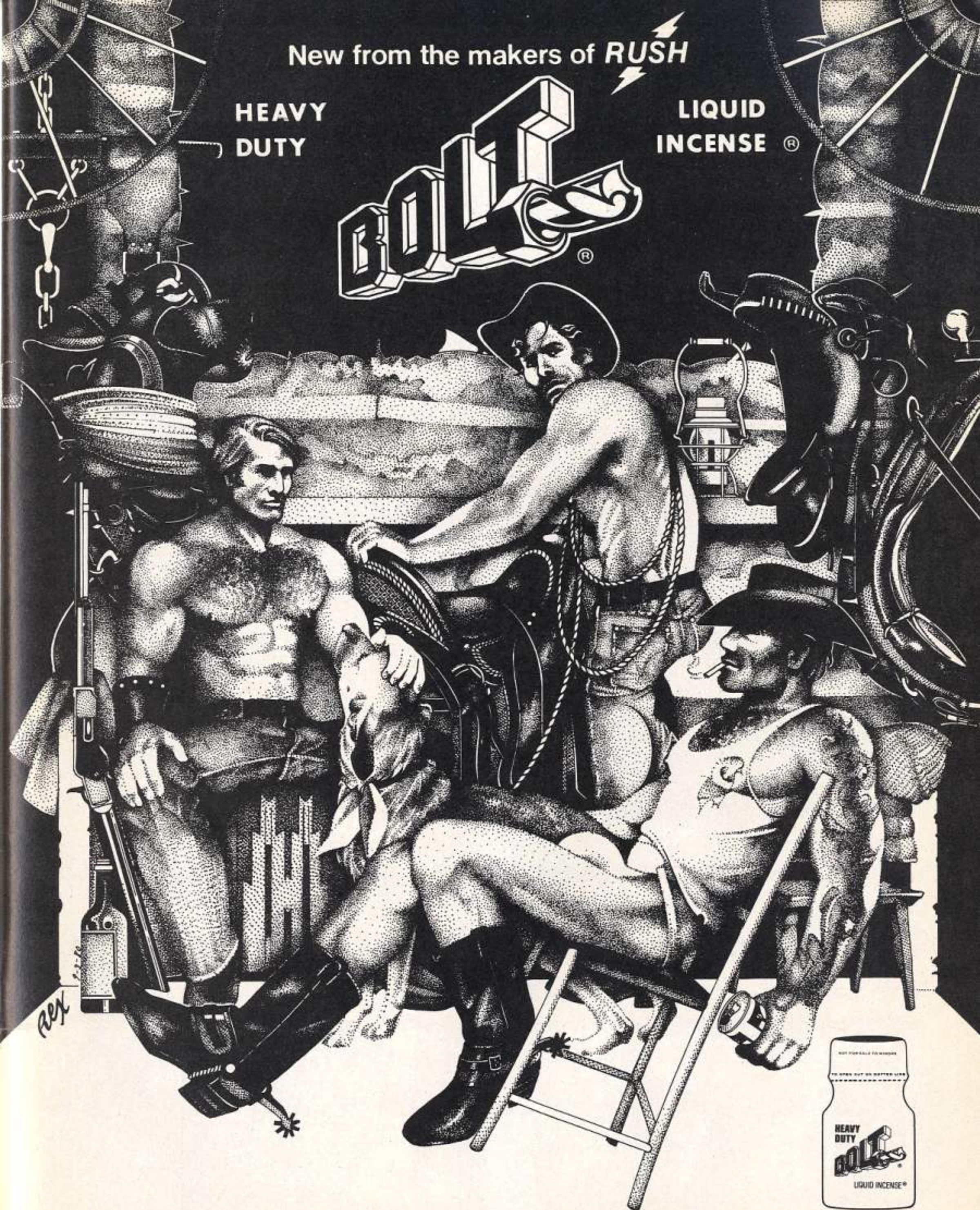


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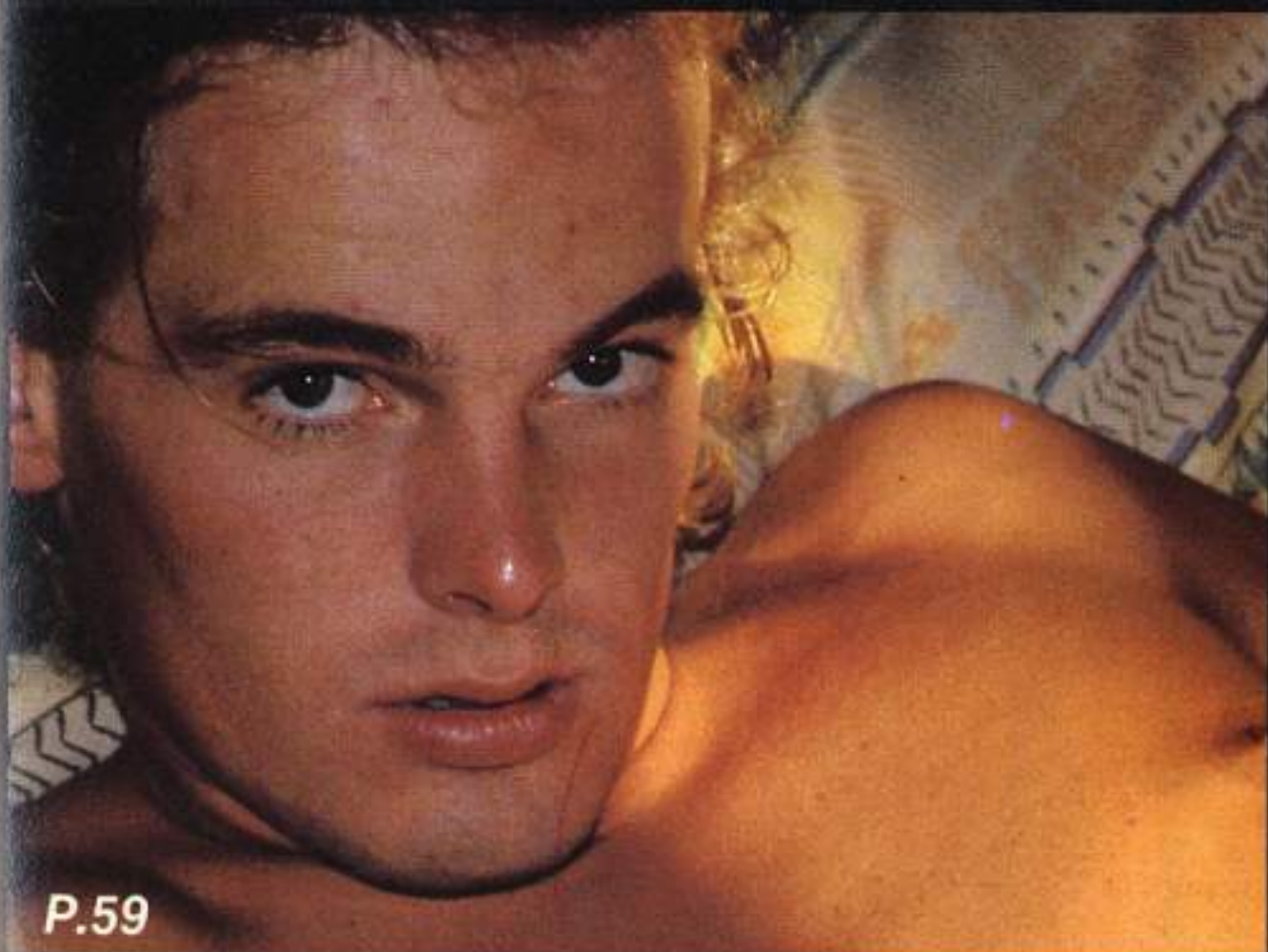
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Cover photo: KIRBY SCOTT by COLT STUDIO

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# TOUCH & GO

**HIGH 'N' TIGHT** is the name marines give the haircut they get in bootcamp. A severe flattop, the hair is scalped completely on the sides, is a fraction on top and is the stuff that wet dreams are made of—as you can see from this photo from *San Diego Welcomes the Marines*, an orientation booklet published by the Armed Services Press. Of late, though, the High 'n' Tight has not been restricted to base. For fashion extremists in New York, it has become *the* haircut. Giving whomever wears it a startlingly clean, almost shower-naked look, the jarhead crop is now beginning to appear in other major cities—thanks perhaps to the ever-extreme Grace Jones who sported the style on her last tour. Others point to the cut's punk roots, most notably to Chicago's "High Priest of Punk," Beluga, a rock-and-rouger who pioneered the High 'n' Tight there a year before Grace took the cue.



**MAN/BOY LOVE: THE ISSUE HEATS UP.** It has been called the last frontier of gay rights. It has been called a "plant" issue being used to vilify the gay movement. NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association, Box 174, Midtown Station, NYC 10018) is a political-action group which, in its words, "supports the right of youth to run their own lives and control their own bodies." Among other things, NAMBLA wants the age of consent lowered. For some, this sounds like Anita Bryant's nightmare come true. Several gay leaders even suspect that the man/boy issue might be a Machiavellian maneuver by the enemies of gay rights to confirm the notion that homosexuals are child molesters, waylaying innocents in the schoolyard. The oldest and perhaps most venerable gay bookstore in America, the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop in Greenwich Village, refused to carry NAMBLA's journal, citing the group as "agents within the movement." NAMBLA fired back a letter that called the accusation "slander" and the bookstore a foe of free speech. "Isn't it ironic," asked the letter, which was signed by three NAMBLA heads, "that your store is named after Oscar Wilde, that notorious boylover . . ." (*Notorious?* If we were the head of a man/boy association, we might have said "famous," we might have said "illustrious"; we would definitely have found a positive appellation. But *notorious*? Which Webster defines as "widely and unfavorably known." Smells a bit ripe to us.) ". . . that notorious boylover who was crucified by the bigoted and ignorant society of his day." (Letters and press-releases from NAMBLA are interesting. For the most part, they sound as though they were written by lawyers, but there is always that moment where they go for bathos and stagey hyperbole, ringing out the catchwords of radicalism with an almost suspicious stridency.)

The bookstore controversy, however, was just the beginning. Not long after, in the *Gay Community News* (22 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. 02108)—a sort of *New York Times* of the gay world where many organizations air their views for the record—a letter was published from Gay & Young which officially rejected NAMBLA. Gay & Young is a state-funded group in New York, which is run by a youth-controlled board and has members whose average age is 17. "Each time a vote has been

taken to see if youth favors the man/boy love concept, they have *unanimously* voted against it," wrote Gay & Young's project director. "The main objection seems . . . that the older male has emotional control over the boy who does not really understand the total effect of such a situation . . . In each case in which we have knowledge, the young person soon realized . . . that he was being 'sexploited.' When he expressed interest in youth his own age, he was no longer wanted around. There was in each case the ploy of money 'buying' the young person with cash or expensive gifts. In some instances there was even extortion, threatening to tell the parents of the youth that he was gay.

". . . those supporters of NAMBLA are basically doing what they are saying about their critics . . . They are not listening to the vast majority of youth who are capable of thinking for themselves and who are opposed to NAMBLA advocating their 'sexual rights.' The present laws protecting children may be





less than ideal, but they are far better than those being proposed by those who want to make laws to justify their own sexual desires and fantasies."

Again the cry of "slander" came from a spokesman of NAMBLA in a letter that was published in a subsequent issue of the *Gay Community News*.

"... It is indeed fortunate for the continuance of Gay & Young's state funding that they have a negative view of man/boy love. For if they did not denounce NAMBLA loud and long, I suspect that these grants might soon become scarce." The spokesman claimed that the truth of the matter was that many members of his organization had had "positive relationships" with members of Gay & Young. He charged that Gay & Young was actually "adult-dominated" and expressed surprise that Gay & Young's project director had found "absolute unanimity" on the man/boy issue "since 100% agreement is difficult to obtain from a group of adolescents on almost any issue."



**RONNIE RETURNS:** "Debbie Harry and Patti Smith came up to me and said that I started them. I can think of at least ten people who are on top today—they say it was my voice." So says Ronnie Spector, whose quavering voice could break your heart back in the Sixties when she sang "Be My Baby," "Baby, I Love You," and "Walking in the Rain" behind Phil Spector's famous Wall of Sound—bells, chains, chords sustained by choirs. Ronnie and the Ronettes were drag-queen heaven in those days with their spider eyelashes, dresses slashed up to the thigh and general aura of being teased-up femmes in a Puerto Rican girl gang. Ronnie's hair, always going off in three directions, looked like it carried, at any given time, razors, drugs, and an emergency Trojan. But then she married her legendary producer, Phil Spector, a genius but a kook, who kept her locked up for 15 years, literally—she had to ask for a

key when she wanted to get out—in his always darkened 23-room Beverly Hills mansion. "I had absolutely no friends. I was knitting rugs, doing paint-by-the-number pictures. Phil used to make me watch *Citizen Kane* every week; I felt like the girl, except I could sing!" In 1974 she divorced the progressively eccentric Spector (as part of the settlement, he made her relinquish all royalty rights to old Ronette records). It's been a hard climb re-establishing herself but now Ronnie's back on top, her voice still a grabber on her great, great new album, *Siren* (Polish Records). "It's nice to be in the spotlight again." Why was Spector so sold on the dark? "Well," says Ronnie, "Phil didn't think he was all that good looking. You know how most couples go out weekly, we went out annually. And if Phil couldn't get his wig on, we didn't go out. His hair was a large part of our marriage." Phil might say the same thing about Ronnie.



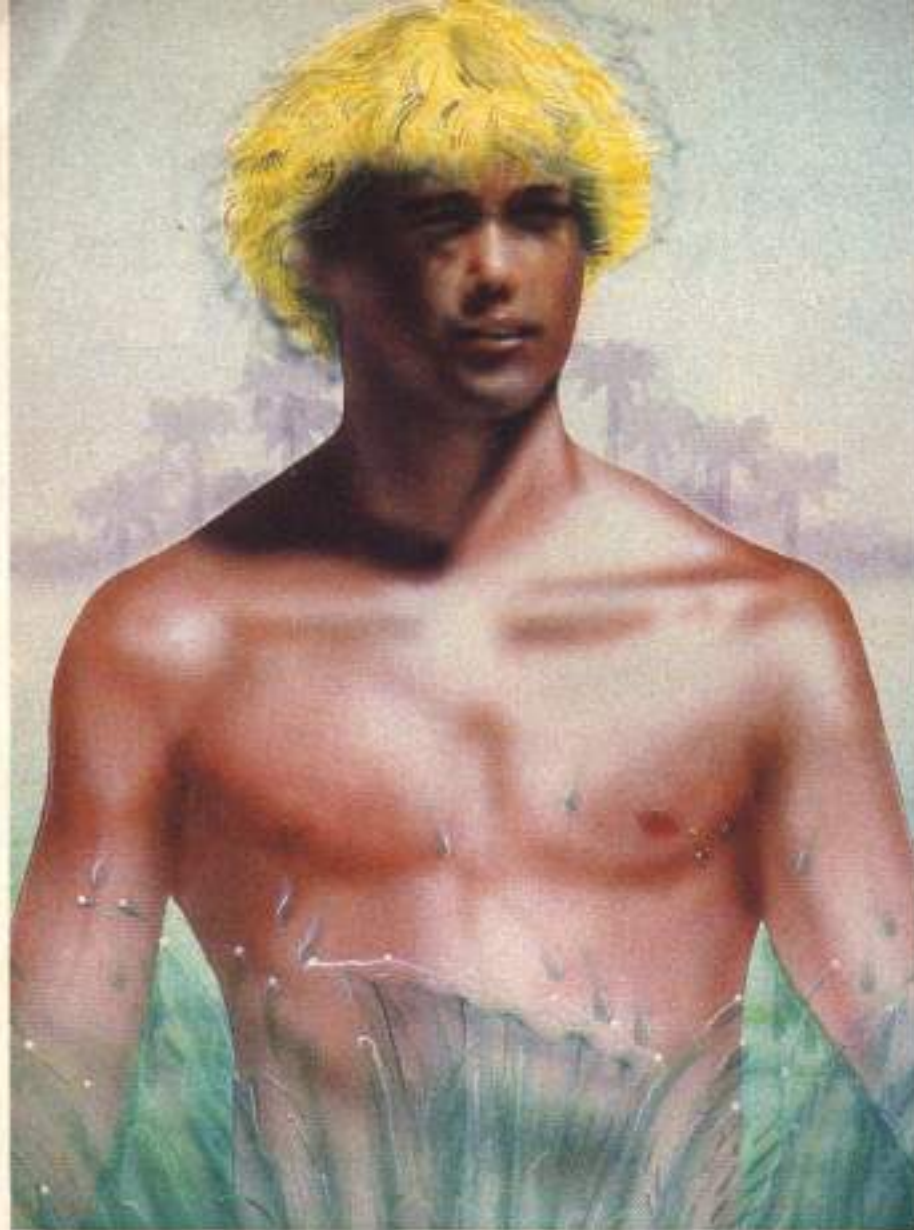


ILLUSTRATION BY MARK O.

**STRICTLY FOR THE BOIDS:** Lily Tomlin, one of our favorite comedians, seen here in a fantasy sequence from *9 to 5*, helps illustrate the way we feel about two recent news stories—both evidence of the creeping sexual Fairytale-ism of our time.

**ITEM ONE:** In a transparent effort to protect the heterosexual image of Ronald Reagan Jr., a dancer with the Joffrey II Ballet Company, the director of the company declared the Joffrey "gay-free." The story was picked up by Philadelphia's *Gay News*, which identified the director as Sally Field. The director's name is Sally Bliss. She had told the press that "all the boys in the company are straight." Well, one of these "straight" boys just happened to see the *Gay News* item.

The dancer told a friend of the error, and the information was passed along to *Gay News*. *Gay News* printed practically everything you've read above as its retraction, ending with a wry "Sorry about that."

**ITEM TWO:** Two boys were banished from Disneyland after they danced together. A judge upheld Disneyland's

right to do this, saying the park was "private property." That's funny, we thought Disneyland was a public place zoned for commercial enterprise. We wonder what would have happened if the Disney organization had ousted every employee who danced with another of the same sex. How many Tinkerbells would have flown, how many Thumpers would have thumped and how many unsung, uncredited bits of artistic genius would have been lost to a sorry world?

**ENCHANTED ISLE:** What Dorothy Lamour did for the sarong, Chris Atkins has done for the loincloth. Join us next month when we photo-essay the *Blue Lagoon* star (with scads of loincloth pinups). They'll be jungle boys, pirate coves, mer-men. Meet the newest Tarzan, sex-out at the carnival in Rio and let our four ravishing centerfolds bring out the Peter Pan in you. Just think lovely, wonderful thoughts and *up* you'll go!



20TH CENTURY FOX

## SWIM MEET:



TIM & NEILS VAN PATTEN



SCOTT BAIO

IN TOUCH's roving camera was on the scene when NBC staged the *Battle of Beverly Hills*. Above we see a few reasons why TV is better than ever. (Did we say that?)



LEIF GARRETT





**GOING FOR THE ROSES:** This moment of truth and beauty was brought to you by Greta Garbo. Who can explain her



hold on the present? It's not just her occasional exposure on the late show. A lot of people are on the late show; they



do not inspire new books and new magazine articles every few years. Garbo's name remains current—surreally



M.G.M.

#### THE LEATHER FRATERNITY:

The boys over at *Drummer* magazine are a demanding bunch. When they started the Leather Fraternity, it was sort of a kinky penpal club for "interested and interesting Leathermen" who wanted to be matched up with their opposite number without "the embarrassment of asking dumb questions in a heavy leather bar." To accomplish this, each member had to fill out one of the most outrageous application forms we've ever seen where all the dumb questions were asked for them.

There were the usual blanks for Height, Weight and Age—and the rather unusual one for Shoe Size. There were multiple-choice categories for Build (five choices, among them Muscular, Semi-Muscular and Very Muscular) Testicles (S, M, L and XL) and Anus (Tight, Average, Virgin, Well Used). Then there were the think-piece items, which reminded us of the questions put to Miss America semi-finalists. "What do you think are your best qualifications for your role as slave/master?" "How do you prefer your partner to dress?" Our



absolute favorite category was Endowment (Length Hard, Length Soft). And then the best, "Trace an outline of your erection on the back of this application."

Well, in no time at all the Leather Fraternity was so popular that *Drummer* expanded it to include a key club in San Francisco. Membership is \$60, and anyone interested (you must be over 21) should contact *Drummer Magazine*, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA. 94103.

so—when gay men discuss reigning beauties. The fact is she hasn't made a film since 1941, she has aged publicly like every other celebrity (she is now 75), and yet here we are with a story that Garbo is about to return to the—hold it, the story has just been denied.

We're not exactly in shock.

Garbo has been refusing come-back invitations since Day 1 of her retirement. Tennessee Williams tried to lure her with the screen role of Blanche DuBois. "I could never be an involved and complicated person," she replied. To many Garbo-watchers, Garbo has always been involved and complicated—and something of a puzzle. "I used to smoke cigarettes when I was a little boy," she was overheard saying at a party. (The eavesdropper was *Look* magazine, which felt this indicated something about her sobriety and general mental health.) Her desire for seclusion, of course, is still an active part of American folklore. She was never to marry, though she did have "romances" (friendships is probably more exact) with powerful men who could buy her that seclusion—Stokowski, Cecil Beaton, Gaylord Hauser, names not unfamiliar to the gay community.

According to *Garbo: A Portrait* by Alexander Walker, a recent and unusually privileged bio (Walker had access to MGM's private files), Garbo was always at odds with the clotheshorse she played on screen. "Dresses!" she complained. "I wish they were all the same! I wish they were all bags, to jump into quick."

In private, she favored the mannish style—trousers, dark glasses, and men's oxfords (smallest size) that she had her servant Gustav buy her in bargain stores. "Just right for us bachelors, eh, Gustav," she'd joke.

Isn't it nice to know that all we, um, bachelors have something in common with the great Garbo, a woman who could caress roses in a way that would change the way you thought about roses forever.

(By the way, these marvelous freeze-frame stills are in a book full of such sequential pictures—*Star Acting: Gish, Garbo, Davis* by Charles Affron, E.P. Dutton Publishers, NYC.)



# LETTERS:

## SOLDIER BOYS

I am an American serviceman stationed in West Germany, I am 18 years of age. About a year ago, I bought my first issue of IN TOUCH. I've been buying every one since. I'm just starting to find out what homosexuality is all about. I just want to say, thank you. Don't ever stop. In issue #49, you had a letter from a man from North Platt. He was having a hard time meeting people and accepting himself. Would you tell him for me, "I know." Thank you.

D.T.  
West Germany

In issue #51, you ran a poem from a gay marine called "My Favorite Things." I wish I could feel that free. I'm a gay marine too and I'm in love with another marine. He's straight. I never said anything about my feelings, but he knows. We hang out a lot together. Why does love hurt so much? Anyway I wrote this poem and I was hoping, sir, that you might print it.

### BOTTLED LOVE

You loved a woman  
and I loved you  
But you were so straight  
so fancy and true.  
You couldn't see my way.  
You couldn't see through  
So I just go on living  
with my bottled up Love  
And you keep on giving  
to your sugar white dove.  
But I still love you.  
You know that part is true.  
And one day, I'll have you  
My lovely baby blue.

D.D.  
Camp Pendelton, CA

## AWRIGHT, GIRL!

If I may flatter you a bit, I am greatly impressed by the tremendous improvements in your trashy rag; it's becoming even trashier and more brazen—if that's possible! I enjoyed your nudes of Burt Lancaster and Victor Mature (#51), which still get the juices flowing for me, but why that tired old photo of Elvis in baggy BVDs! Quelle horror! I say Elvis deserves equal uncoverage and so have enclosed here a tasteless drawing for you to print. I know it's good. I queried 397 passers-by, asking them if it was a picture of Presley or Tallulah Bankhead. A staggering 219 guessed the former. It seems that tasteless, tacky art is IN! Also enjoyed greatly Don Beavers' article on "Facelift" in the same issue. In fact



everyone I know has cut out that little gem and indexed it right next to their files on marrying millionaires. The only thing it left out—are there group rates?

Jason Nilsson  
Long Beach, CA

## A STRAIGHT MAN REPLIES

A friend showed me an article you ran called "How To Pick Up Straight Men" (#50). I read it with great interest. I am a straight male (at least up to now). It was a refreshing, well-written twist on the articles I've read so often, giving advice to straight men about picking up women. It was humbling to read about us straight men being the hunted rather than the hunter. Most straights probably don't realize that the same practices they use on women would probably work just as well on them. Perhaps better, since I think straight men may be all the more unsuspecting and gullible. I'd be curious to know if anyone followed the advice and if it worked? Until then, happy hunting.

Neal Clifford  
Hollywood, CA

## ON THE BUTTON

My editor at Harcourt Brace Janovich forwarded the issue of IN TOUCH in which you reviewed my children's book, *Oliver Button is a Sissy* (#50). I am delighted that you viewed the book in a positive light. I must say I had to chuckle when I read that Oliver is probably "building up a spectacular collection of Sondheim scores." I happen to be a Sondheim groupie. I would like you to

know that children love *Oliver*. There are some parents who think the book is promoting sissies but, of course, they're wrong. The book is simply for any child that feels a little different from his/her friends. That child needs to know that being "different" is O.K. Again, thanks.

Tomie dePaola  
Wilmot Flat, NH

## DON'T BE CHICKEN

I enjoy IN TOUCH greatly, but a few things worried me about issue #50, specifically the articles "How to Pick Up Straight Men" and "Chicken." Regardless of the interests of some gay men, I hope you don't publish the kind of article, as written, and "Chicken," for someone glancing but not reading it through, could incite conflict with homophobes.

Allen B.  
Brookings, S.D.

*Allen, we refuse to let our lives, tastes or magazine be dictated by a handful of bigots. We have every right to feel the things we feel and to know the things we should know. We will not kow-tow to those sanctimonious illiterates with psychological problems which they haven't the courage to solve but which enables them to hallucinate that everything they don't understand is demonic, Communistic or depraved.*

—Ed.

About your "Chicken" essay. O.K., so it didn't work out for Roger Asquith, but it sure worked for me. I'm 18 and my lover is 26. I respect his collection of music, his Waterford crystal, his superb cooking and lifestyle. And for that reason Michael and I are still in love. I cruised my buns off for more than a year, hopped from bed to bed before finding a man I could be content with. Michael was interested in my body, yes, but he was also interested in me as a young man. I am in first year university. Michael isn't putting me through school; I'm doing that myself. Mr. Asquith is missing the point, and he sounds like "sour grapes" to me. Michael means everything in the world to me, and no one is going to take this very special, important man away from me. When he read the article in question, he tossed your magazine on the floor, exclaiming it wasn't even worth commenting on. Well, that's my man for you.

I'd like to address the younger members of your readership: Go for it. Find yourself a man who is interested in you



as a total human being. Don't scratch his Strauss, don't break his crystal, don't monopolize his telephone. Accept his love, respect him for who he is and relax with him. You'll soon find yourself falling deeply in love, falling in love as I am today, and enjoying every minute.

Michael reads your magazine—as I do—all the time. He doesn't know I'm writing this and would be thrilled to see it in your letters section. Just sign me . . .

Rob from Richmond  
British Columbia

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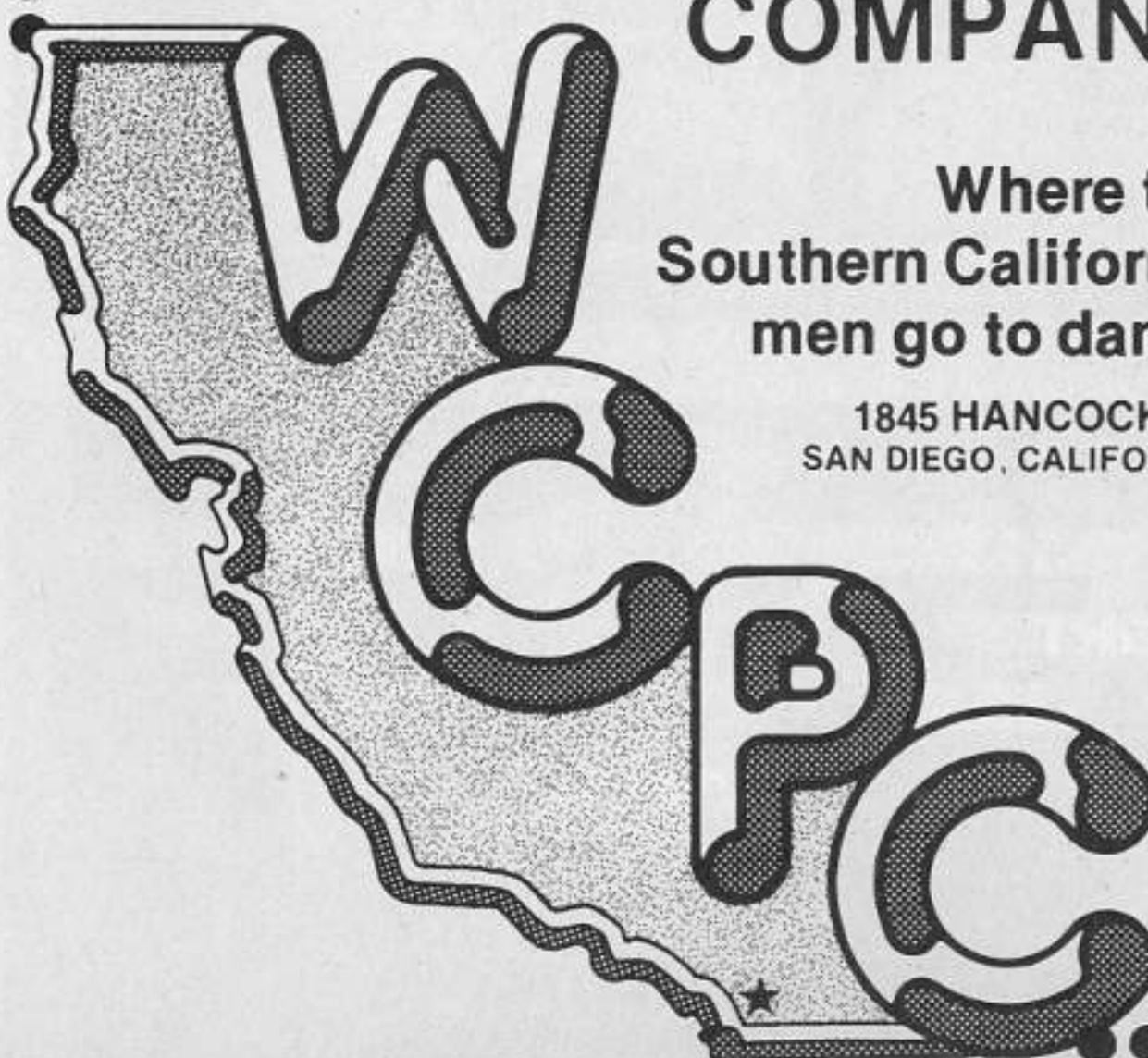
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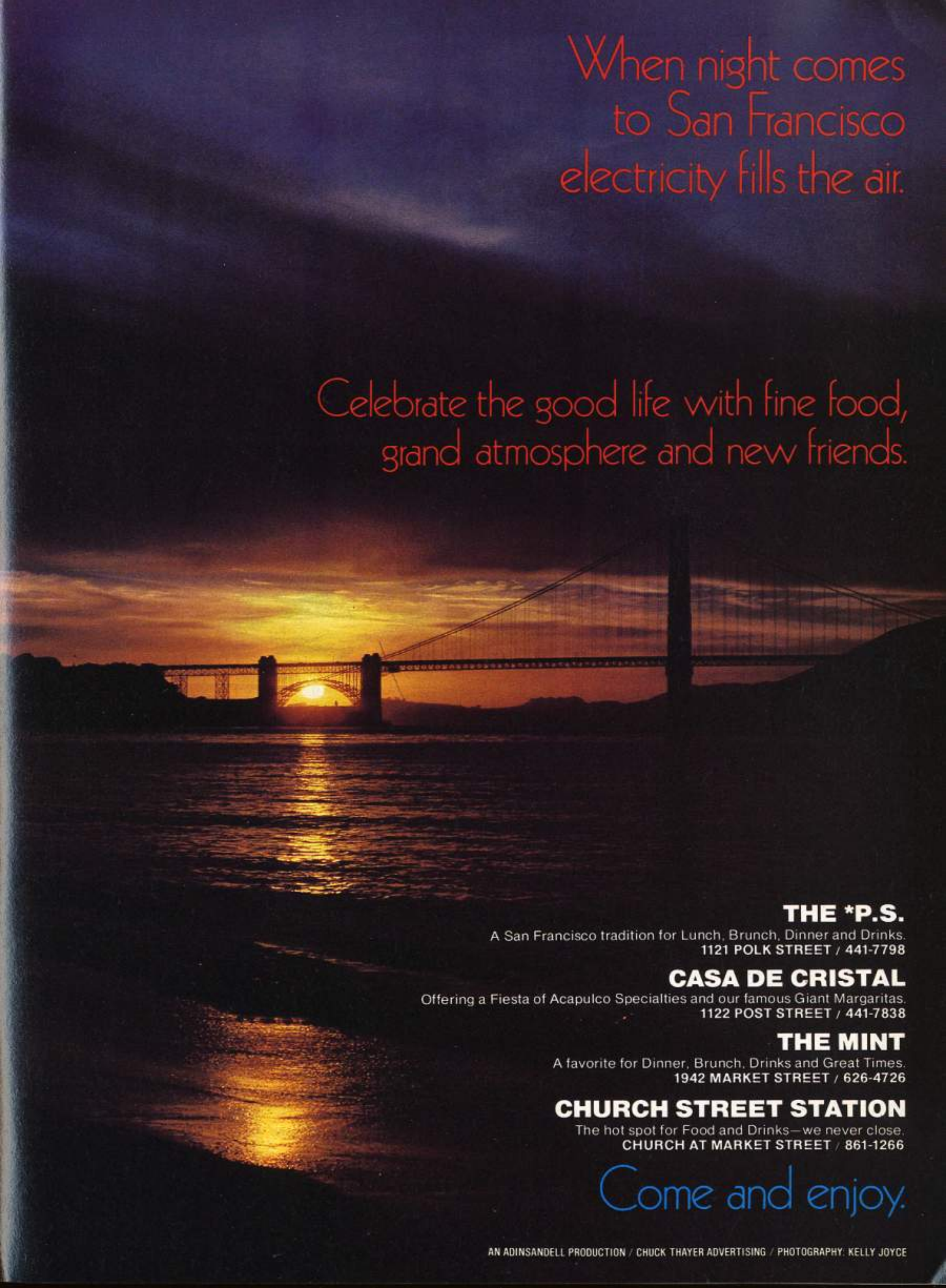
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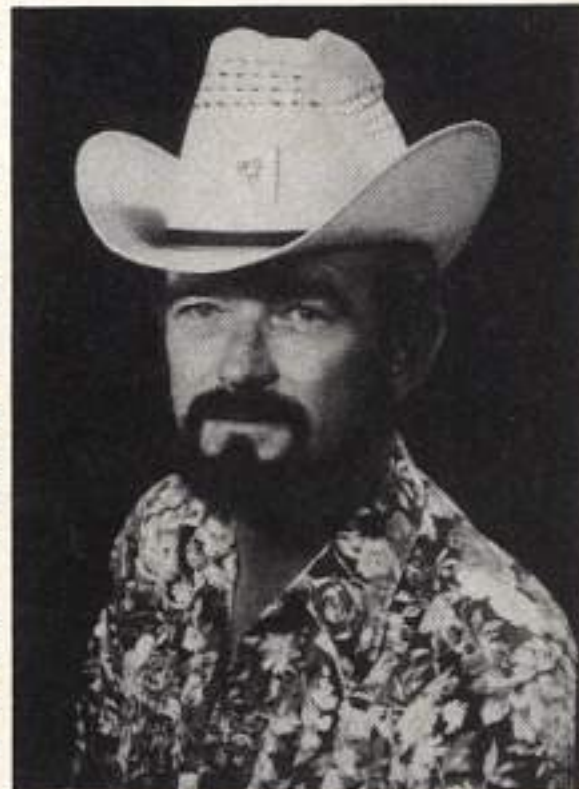
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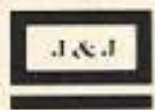
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# SEX IN PRISON

## Hell ... or is it Heaven?

An insider reports: by Robert N. Boyd

"It must be easy for you to do time," a straight friend said to me recently. "I know if I could do my time at the women's joint, I'd go wild!"

It never ceases to amaze me how many people think that for a gay man, prison is paradise. It goes like this: In prison, a gay is surrounded by nothing but men—men to satisfy any and all tastes, men of every description—and the gay man can just go right down the line, picking out the choicest cuts, discarding the undesirable.

As with most myths, there is a small grain of truth here. But only a small grain.

Let's take the flip side of the coin, one portrayed by countless TV "documentaries" and magazine articles. This myth would have you believe that gaylife in prison is a hell of brutality, savagery, rape and even cold-blooded murder.

The real answer is neither of these extremes—although at times it can be both!

I am gay, and I am proud of the fact; I am also serving time in prison, although I am *not* proud of that fact. However, as a writer, as a homosexual and as a convict, I intend to tell the story as it is. I am fully aware that what I have to say may run counter to the sensationalizing TV "documentaries" on the subject. I ask you to remember that those "documentaries" and articles were put together—in almost every case—by researchers on the outside. I suspect they were not homosexuals. Their work invariably panders to heterosexual kink. They paint as sordid a picture as they are permitted and make no effort to show the positive side of gay life in prison. Certainly, the brutality, rapes, murders—those things exist. But they are not typical of day-to-day existence. The ordinary daily life of a prisoner is filled with fantasies, hopes, frustrations, loves, fulfillments, accomplishments, failures,

desires—the full gamut of human experience.

I intend to tell the truth as I see it and as I understand it. I shall not clean up anything, but neither will I glorify the homosexual experience in prison. I certainly hope that none of my readers ever find themselves behind bars!

Prison cannot be described as pleasant for anyone. Depending on the size of the facility, a man is surrounded by 300 to 3,000 convicts, whose crimes range from petty-theft to robbery, rape, murder, or worse. (Yes, *worse*: I was in a prison where there were two men who had kidnapped a twelve-year-old boy, taken him to a remote spot and there dismembered his body—while the boy was still alive! A few days later, one of them returned to the shallow grave and fucked the corpse! How would you like one of these men for your cell-mate?) Many inmates have multiple charges, with sentences exceeding several lifetimes. They have no hope for getting out and nothing further to lose as a consequence of their actions. Hostilities and frustrations simmer just below the surface until suddenly, unexpectedly, they erupt into acts of barbaric savagery—look at the recent riots in the prison at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

If prison, at best, is difficult for the ordinary convict, it is difficult in the extreme for the gay convict. The attitudes of the staff range from mild disgust to overt hostility. Even in so-called country-club prisons (those which come closest to the paradisaical setting so many of us fantasize about), gays get the brunt of administrative disapproval. At some prisons, effeminate homosexuals are considered a threat to prison security and are segregated into special housing units where they are allowed little or no contact with the general population.

The attitude toward gays varies with the type of prison. One rule remains constant: The attitude of the inmates is inversely proportional to that of the staff. If the staff hates gays, the inmates think you're O.K. And vice versa. Thus, at a maximum security prison (high brick walls, gun towers, cell blocks—the typical setting for a James Cagney movie), a homosexual suffers heavier problems from his fellow inmates; staff tends to ignore him and his problems. Conversely, at a minimum security prison (country club joints), the gay convict has less to fear from the inmates than from the staff.

The key words to life in prison are "adjust" and "adapt." How well a gay convict does this will determine the Heaven or Hellishness of his stay. There are six basic sexual arrangements which enable you to get by. Readers who have done time may want to add to the number of categories, but my experience has shown that these six fairly well cover the broadest range of circumstances that the gay con finds himself in:

1. Whore and Pimp

2. Tip Bitch
3. Jock and Sissy
4. Old Man and Kid
5. Man and Wife
6. Freelancer

### WHORE AND PIMP

Desiree is the gay monicker of one of my dearest friends on the inside. It was his first time in prison, although he had been in county jails on two occasions. The prison we were in was old and depressing; the atmosphere was oppressive. Pent-up anger lay heavily on the air. This particular prison suffered from a cycle of violent eruptions every two years. Feelings were running high that summer, and staff had taken the usual precautionary measures of locking up known trouble-makers, which only served to fan the embers of resentment. With such a tense, volatile atmosphere pervading the cell block, Desiree moved onto my tier. (A tier is a row of cells, usually twenty or thirty, with a common walkway running its length.)

I knew who Desiree was by her reputation. When our cell doors came open for evening unlock, I paid her a visit and introduced myself. She told me that on the tier she had come from, her Old Man turned out to be a lop.

"He wanted to rent me out," she said, "which I didn't mind. But, my dear, when he brought two niggers with him, that was just *too much*!"

(I apologize to all my black readers, but I want to be accurate. In prison, racism is still extremely prevalent. It is suicide for a white queen to get down with a black con! If Desiree had turned those two black tricks, her Old Man might not have done anything, but the white racists in the joint wouldn't have stopped until they killed her.)

She continued, "Later, the two niggers came back by themselves. One of them had a shank! Well, my dear, let me tell you! I knew right then and there my Old Man was a lame! I told the niggers they'd have to use that thing because I wasn't puttin' out!"

She had managed to extricate herself by making enough of a racket to attract attention. The blacks left before a race riot broke out. That same night, Desiree moved off that tier. After three days in segregated housing ("the hole"), Staff moved her to my tier.

While we were getting to know each other, Mclleny walked into her cell. We were sitting on the bunk.

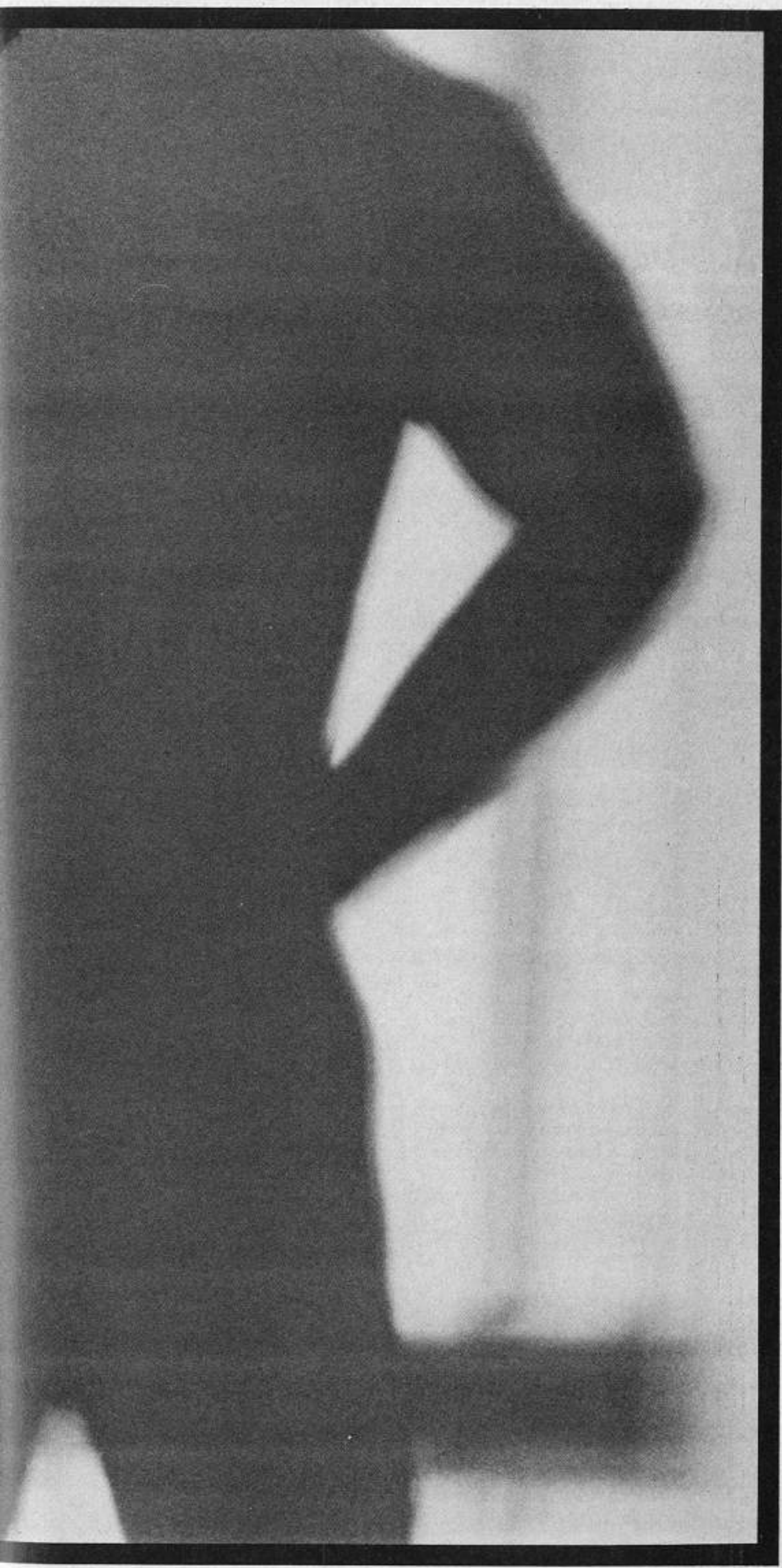
"I'm Mack," he announced, towering over us. "I hear you'll be needing a new Old Man. You'd be better off with me; I got a lotta power and a lotta friends."

Mack was tall, puffed-up from pumping iron and handsome in a rugged sort of way. He was not a man to fool with. "I heard what happened. You were right not to get down with niggers. Me and my friends will be taking care of that punk, Shaeffler."









I was told to leave while Mack and Desiree worked out the details of the arrangement. Later we resumed our conversation.

Before coming to prison, she had heard that she would have to get herself an Old Man. Shaeffler was the first to approach her. "How was I supposed to know he was such a wimpy lop?"

An ironic punishment was planned for Shaeffler. He was taken over and made the "property" of some of Mack's friends. They went about it slowly, and each day we received fresh reports via the grapevine about new humiliations being heaped upon him. They hooked him by having him do small favors at first (bringing a cup of coffee, helping to wring out the laundry, etc.). Soon he was doing complete laundries, making bunks, cleaning cells. In no time at all, he was "turned out" (a straight forced into sex acts). There is a distinction between a "turn out" and a rape. In a rape, a man is physically assaulted—usually by more than one person—and weapons are used to overpower the victim. In a turn out, nothing is used but fear. He is coerced into giving "just a hand-job, that's all."

Once he has humiliated himself by fondling another man's cock, there is no way out for the turn-out. He could seek protective custody (P.C.), but there is no guarantee of safety even in P.C.

After being turned out, Shaeffler was soon rented out. After he had been fucked by all the whites on his tier, he was sold to the blacks! A few months later, he committed suicide.

In the meantime, Desiree was being taken care of. If anyone wanted a play, they had to clear it first through Mack, who in turn asked Desiree if she wanted to do the guy. In the case of three or four of Mack's friends, she wasn't given any choice. But for others, she was allowed to say yes or no. She was, of course, given 50% of whatever Mack decided to charge the individual.

The arrangement worked well. Mack, himself, was a gorgeous hunk of manhood ("with meat for days!", according to Desiree). She liked older men and was quite happy. She was protected from any undesirables, and when problems came up, Mack took care of them.

One thing I should make clear: Although the arrangement turned out well, Desiree did not have much of an alternative. If she had stood up against him, life would have been miserable. All of her personal possessions would have been stolen. There would have been no protection from blacks (which in itself would have been tantamount to murder), and she would have been subjected to physical and mental cruelties. That's just the way things are in a maximum security joint.

#### **FREELANCER**

I am in my thirties, and although I'm no Robert Redford, I'm not unattractive. Also I am not the effeminate type, so I'm not as



sought after as many of my "sisters." Yet even we older, hairy-chest types are subjected to pressures.

The fifth prison I did time in was a medium security joint. Here restrictions are more relaxed than at a maximum security joint. There are barbed-wire fences instead of high brick walls, observation towers instead of gun towers, and large dormitories instead of single cells. What you lose in privacy, from a sexual point of view, you gain in mobility.

This prison was divided into dormitories. The 12-man dorms used to have small day rooms adjacent to them, but the day rooms had long ago been converted into 5-man dorms. New arrivals went into the larger dorms; later they could move into the smaller, more intimate rooms if a vacancy occurred and if the occupants had no objection.

My first day there, I was lying on my bunk doing some heavy thinking. In the county jail I had come from, it was known that I was gay, and the word was already out here. In the halls, in the chowhall, in the dorm, I was aware of whispers and derisive remarks. I knew if I were given half a chance, people would come to like me. But would I be given that half a chance?

I looked up as someone walked into the dorm. He was absolutely beautiful! Small delicate features, pretty eyes, olive complexion, thick curly hair. (I later learned he was only 17 years old.) He stopped at the foot of my bunk and made a motion to come with him. "Robot wants to see you."

He led me to one of the 5-man day rooms. In contrast to the starkly bare dorm I had been put in, the day room was sumptuously decorated. There were tapestries and posters on the walls; bedspreads, throw rugs, macrame plant hangers and two color TVs.

Robot told Joey, the 17-year-old, to give me a chair. I was made to wait for five minutes while Robot conducted a business deal for some marijuana.

When Robot joined us, there was a tall blond about 24, who sat on the bed to my right. Robot sat on the bed to my left. Joey stood behind the chair I was sitting in.

Robot was attractive, maybe 28, and shirtless. He had a slender, hairless body. He came straight to the point. "Are you a homosexual?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"This your first time in the joint?"

"No. My fifth."

He offered me a cigarette. "Then you know what it's all about. Some joints got a lotta tips. We got just one." (A "tip" is prison slang for a club or gang.) "A lot of our guys fuck around; some don't. I'll tell you right now, there's a lot of guys on the yard what don't like queers—excuse me, I mean homosexuals. I'm making you a deal. You take care of us, we'll take care of you."

He lay back on his bed, propping him-

self up on an elbow. With his right hand, he rubbed his crotch. "This ain't no pressure thing. You don't gotta do nothing. I'm just sayin' that I'm in a position to see that you don't get no hassle from no one. Nobody fucks with the tip. If you go for the deal, anyone gives you any shit, come to me, I'll take care of it. You don't go for the deal, that's that. But we won't be responsible for anything that might come down."

There was a threat there, thinly veiled. If I didn't go for the arrangement, the only troubles I would have would come from tip members. I knew I had to assert myself at this point or I would never again have the chance.

"I've done time in five different joints and six county jails," I said. "But I never had to service a whole tip! I'd be willing to get down with some of the guys, but I've got to have the right to say no 'cause I won't be a whore on call."

We discussed the minor details, and to my relief, he agreed to my stipulations. He lit up a joint; the four of us smoked it, symbolic of having sealed the agreement.

"What name do you go by?" Robot asked.

"My own," I answered. "Robert, or Bob, or Bobby..."

"Joey," he said, standing up, "make sure everyone knows Bobby is awright. If he wants to get down with somebody, he can. If he don't want to, he don't have to. And no one gets on his case. Got it?"

"Got it," came Joey's youthful voice from behind me.

After that, things went smoothly. I only had two problems come up; Robot quietly took care of them.

Joey and I became quite close. He was hot and horny all the time, and I loved it! There were times when I was invited to the day room to get down with Robot, Joey, Mike (the tall blond), Grant (a short, but very muscular and extremely handsome 20-year-old) and Dean (a rather uninteresting man of about 25). Of the lot, Joey was the most spectacular in every way, and he was not content to get down just occasionally—we were in the shower every night. The whole arrangement was worth it, just to feel the silky smooth, hairless body of that demi-god.

This was a case where the arrangement allowed for an easy adjustment to an environment that could have been hostile. There were very few admittedly gay people at that joint (I'm sure many simply remained in the closet). In prison, a gay is not seen as an individual. Far too many inmates feel that gays are in prison for one reason only: to suck and fuck. Most cons feel they have a "right" to use a gay inmate for sexual release. They feel it's a queen's "duty" to service the men in prison. They cannot, or do not, understand that a homosexual might have likes and dislikes. And no man likes to think of himself as undesirable. So the gay is hit on by anyone and everyone.

In maintaining my individuality, gay pride and self-respect, I find I have no qualms in saying no. Nonetheless, I do so with diplomacy and tact; it is not wise to antagonize someone you do not know—he could be a mild, white-collar criminal, then again, he could be a psychotic murderer.

A minimum security prison will seldom have any hard-core dangerous types. The inmates are either nearing the end of a moderately long sentence or they had short ones to begin with. Incidents of violence are rare; in fact, fights between inmates seldom occur, and gays find little, if any, overt pressure tactics applied to gain their favors.

My friend, Allen, will recognize himself (if he sees this article) when I call him by his name, "Mary." Mary could deep-throat a 12-inch hotdog and not bat an eyelid! I had first met Mary several years before and although I hated to see her back in prison, it was good to have her company.

The prison had a swimming pool, as an adjunct to the Vocational Divers Training program, offered by the prison to young, healthy studs who could qualify for the rigorous underwater training. Mary and I spent many a leisure hour at poolside, scheming over the gorgeous, muscular bodies.

Now, THAT was paradise!

We lived in a large housing unit which had over 200 single cells. Each inmate had his own lock and key, and even though there were rules against cell visiting after 11 p.m., the rules were neither enforced nor observed. The officers rarely stirred from their office, except for their regularly scheduled bed checks. Many were the nights Mary and I passed each other in the halls, after the midnight bedcheck, going to, or coming from, our assignments with hunky studs.

## TIP BITCH

There were several small tips at that prison, usually ranging from six to fifteen men. Mary was approached by three different tip leaders, but each time she declined their offers. To become a Tip Bitch meant to have one's activities confined to the members of that particular tip. Neither Mary nor I wanted such restrictions on our sex lives. The advantages, however, were great: The tip would supply all the dope, grass, and "canteen" that a sissy could ever want. The tips took good care of their bitches, and if a gay wants to enjoy living like a queen with just a few men—well, it's the only way to fly! However, if a Tip Bitch gets caught with any man outside the tip, she had better P.C. (protective custody), because it won't be safe to walk the yard... *even in a minimum security prison!*

In many ways, the Tip Bitch has the best deal. This is especially true in joints where there are more tips than queens (closet queens don't count, obviously). There a

(Continued on page 37)



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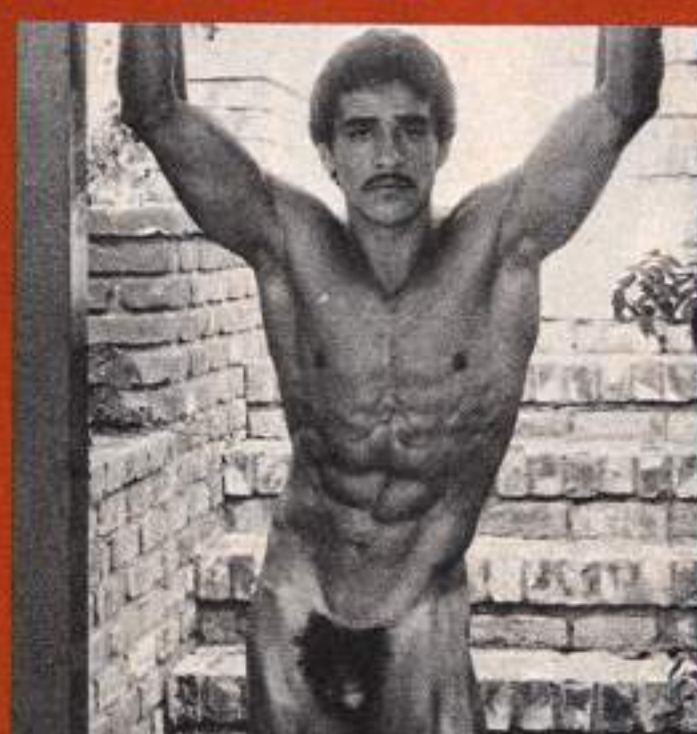
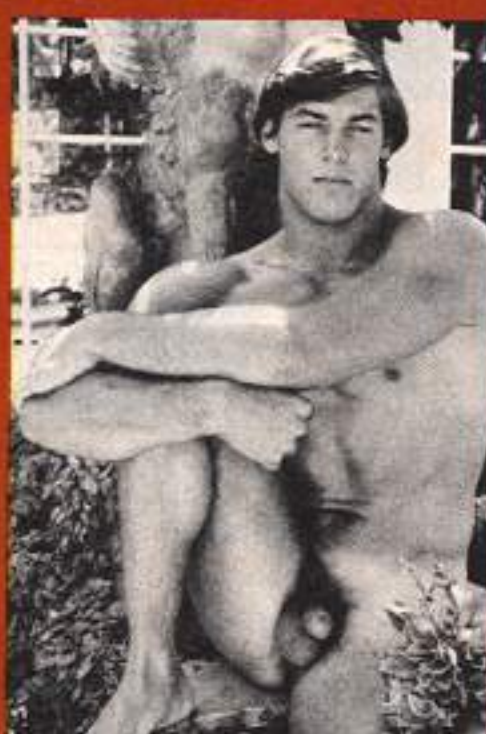
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# HOW TO PICK UP



## YOUR BASIC BARTENDER (WITH ACCESSORIES)

Meet Randy. Randy is a bartender in New York City. (In fact, the author gleaned many of his bartender tips from watching this little babe in action.) When Randy was told that we wanted to feature him in the article, his reaction was fabulously in character. "Look everybody," he said to the patrons in his bar. "I'm only 24 and already I'm a cut-out doll!"

**Question: When was the last time  
and the best looking man said, "I**

**Answer: Probably last night.**



# THE BARTENDER



**you walked into a room**  
**What can I do for you?"**

**Text and photos by NICK D'AURIZIO**

You paid him, you thanked him, but did it ever occur to you that you could have him?

Love of bartenders is a little like the feeling you get when you open a pack of matches and find "It's a pleasure to serve you" written on the inside. Bartenders are warm, often clever, and almost always very attractive. And, as if this wasn't enough, most of the time they're available.

Bartending is not a race or a nationality. It's not something that you're born into.





familiar and berserkly unfamiliar tunes; boys dancing on the bar and hanging off swings, dressed in what can only be called "Every Day is Halloween" finery; and the usual sprinkling of out-of-towners and hard-core gay marathoners. After two drinks, it hit me. Wait a minute! Of course! It's four A.M., the tail end of a Sunday night! The brutal head of Monday morning is just around the corner, and this is the



only place in town that insists on having a party! And that, I think is the essence of bartenders. Everything with them is a party. Even when the odds are against it. I'm not saying bartenders are slap-happy little fools. Most of these boys have seen too much too soon to be fools. Any bartender over 24 knows that he is at least two years past his prime. One bartender of 21 even told me that he already felt he had been "carried out of Shangri-La—twice! . . . by Dorian Grey!" But they carry on in spite of it all. Every night is a party, and every morning is a scene from *Valley of the Dolls*. Courageous little souls, these boys who live to serve. And because they work in bars, finding them is as much fun as meeting them. Bedding them, though, is the most fun of all.

### Recognizing a Bartender

The most obvious place to find a bartender is, of course, behind a bar. But even when not at work, bartenders stand apart from the crowd. Frequently they hang out in the bar where they work. Easily spotted here, they are the ones hanging on at least two men while talking to a third. Flashing smiles, winking, and generally making merry, the bartender, even at play, is fulfilling his primary duty: To Be Entertaining!

Remember, a bartender is never hired because:

- A) He yawns a lot.
- B) He knows all the lyrics to *Sweeney Todd*.
- C) He can make a drink.

He was hired because:

- A) He looks a little like the prize in a box of Cracker Jacks.
- B) He knows all the lyrics to *Evita*.
- C) Like a salted peanut, he goes great with a drink.

His hips will be moving to the latest disco beat even when classical music is playing. Often he will be in costume (cow-

boy, leather, marine—whatever seems fashionable at the time). But more likely, he will be wearing the bartender's answer to the gray flannel suit—a T-shirt with writing on it. The most popular T's in Seagramsland this year were "Pines '80," "Castro '80," and the slightly more obscure, "Key West '80." (I did, however, catch one clever boy sporting "Your Photo Gets Mine.") A friend, while watching one of our favorites, summed up all bartenders with, "You know, they really are Fire Island stuffed into a T-shirt."

At this point I'd like to bring up a game I call "Mysterious Bartender." Suppose you go home with someone that you suspect is a bartender but you aren't completely sure. Don't ask. Guess. This game can be a lot of fun and the clues are unmistakable:

First, look at him closely. Are all his features compressed into one corner of his face? Does he have a "rat face"? Does he look like a Diane Arbus photo come to life? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, you have not gone home with a bartender. You have lost—and you have lost on more than one count. Bartenders are, if nothing else, symmetrical. You don't need a Madison Avenue study to tell you that not many people want to buy a drink from Quasimodo. It's just bad marketing.

Next, try to get a quick look at his record collection. I have never known a bartender who did not own at least two of the following:

- A) Eydie Gorme's *Don't Go To Strangers* album
  - B) Shirley Bassey's *This Is My Life* album
  - C) The big disco single, *Deputy of Love*
  - D) Diana Ross' *Boss* album
  - E) More than one copy of Grace Jones singing "I Need a Man."
- (They usually have no idea where the second and third copies came from.)

Actually, if you find *all* of these records in one collection, you may not have gone home with a bartender, you may have gone home with a professional drag queen. If the collection also has a copy of Marianne Faithful's *Broken English* and anything by Nina Hagen, stick with this one. You've got a drag queen who's going places.

A little more difficult to get to—but highly revealing—is the refrigerator. What you're looking for here is a sparsely decorated box. A jar of mustard, Spanish olives, a rose—anywhere from three months to two years old. And, of course, poppers. Poppers are the staple of the bartender's diet. This boy needs no lessons in when or where to use them. For him it's simple—whenever life moves at anything less than 78 r.p.m.

### Picking Up a Bartender

Face it. Everyone wants the same thing: Someone who can help him with his career. So, if you're into bartenders, I

It's a profession. Lesson number one: these boys are professionals. The best of them are justified in considering themselves the Executive Secretaries of gay life. They make a point of knowing what is going on, where it is happening, and who the major stockholders are. Even the lesser ones might consider themselves Gay Librarians—cataloguing and cross-referencing little tidbits of gay knowledge and passing it on to the masses. If you're visiting a strange city and having a hard time of it, ask a bartender. He'll direct you to the hottest new disco, the latest "in" play, or the baths that would suit you most.

I live in New York and Sunday night at the Anvil is home base for many NYC bartenders. For several weeks this puzzled me. I had heard one of my favorite bartenders refer to these Sunday trips as "going to the theater." So I took him up on his invitation one week and I went. Well, theatrical it was! Lots of clever drags miming





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mean, *really into bartenders*, like two or three a week, it's simple—buy a bar! O.K., for most people that may be a little impractical. Plus, the hours are ridiculous. Don't give up. You can still have your bartender by following a few simple steps:

Step 1) *Show up when the bar isn't crowded*. Say you're out with a group of friends and you spot a bartender you want to know better. If the bar is crowded, it's alright to stare at him; you can even occasionally catch his eye and smile. But under no circumstance should you try to get him into a conversation. Remember, he's on stage now and totally wrapped up in his performance. Be cool. Discreetly find out which shift he works and return when the place is dead. It won't be difficult at that time to find a barstool at the end he's working, and if he's seen you before, he'll probably come right over with a friendly smile. SMILE BACK! Excellent. This puts you in position for:

Step 2) *Decide on a strategy*. In my book there are only two basic strategies for this moment: Should I smolder a little and play the scene for mystery? Or, should I go right for the throat? You already know his next line:

"What can I do for you tonight?"

If you feel that the Force is with you and you have decided to get right down to it, just smile lasciviously and say nothing. This is quick and to the point.

If your confidence isn't overflowing or if he simply hasn't given you enough encouragement yet, you'll have to play it slower. A good opener is: "Do you know how to make a Bellini?" A Bellini is a drink—peach pulp strained through muslin with champagne added—that until recently was only available in Venice, Italy.

Step 3) *The enormous tip*. You've ordered a gin and tonic—\$1.75. Leave four dollars on the bar. He'll probably say, "That was only \$1.75, babe." Smile and reply, "I know."

In certain establishments, a grotesquely large tip is considered rude. Don't worry. You're not in a fancy French restaurant now. This boy works on and for tips. The large tip serves two purposes: One, he'll recognize it as a come-on. Two, at the very least, your next drink will be one of the best drinks you've ever had in your life.

Step 4) *Go to the bar armed*. Being the life of the party every night isn't easy for these boys. Like Bette Midler on the way up, they have to surround themselves with lots of clever gays who will feed them wonderful lines for all occasions. Not all good jokes start in prison. So play it smart. Go to the bar with something interesting under your belt. This can be a good but not too overdone joke (listening to old Totie Fields records is great for this) or simply some anecdote about your life:

Anecdote 1) "I spent a million dollars at Bloomingdale's today. Those clever queens up there just got in this fabulous new line of Czechoslovakian kitchenware. I knew I'd hate myself if I

left without the infra-red goggles that let you see how your meal is doing."

Anecdote 2) "I gave a dinner party the other night that was a smashing success. I threw the steaks and all of my cocaine up into the air over the dinner table. I let out two blasts from an army-surplus flame-thrower, and everyone caught their dinner and free-based at the same time!"

The point is to get and keep his attention. If all is going well, he's probably already begun to see you as great source

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## The next morning you'll know the joy of waking up to a face that screams "Draw me—Win a free Art Course."

---

material and thrown in a few one-liners of his own. Which should leave the door open for:

Step 5) *Exchange phone numbers*. This can be handled very simply. When you're both laughing together, slip in, "You're a lot of fun. We really should get together some time." Once you've got his number, say your goodbyes quickly and leave. Romance sours easily, and you don't want this to happen before you've left the bar.

### At Home And Afterwards

One of the nicest things about bringing a bartender to your home is that you never have to ask him what kind of music he wants to hear. He immediately picks it out ... and puts it on. In fact, about two minutes after getting through the door, you may begin to feel that you're a late guest at somebody else's party.

Experiment: After you're both settled on the couch and he's put on a record, get up, tell him to "make himself at home," excuse yourself, and stay in the bathroom for a couple of minutes. Nine times out of ten, on your return you'll find:

A) The candles lit

B) Drinks for both of you

C) His shoes off

D) (If you've stayed in the bathroom for more than five minutes) canapes.

They always think of a new canape too—like peanut butter with pearl onions on a Ritz cracker. Of course you have to be a little careful with how long you stay away and the tone of voice you use on "make yourself at home." You probably

don't want to find you furniture rearranged or—and this could happen—Fettucine Alfredo.

He probably won't rush you off into your bedroom unless that's what you had in mind. This for two reasons: First, he's a great conversationalist, and second, if he's a really good bartender, a large part of his personality is Born Psychologist. He'll want to show this off. Before your first ice cube melts, he'll have found out your whole medical history, where you bought your furniture, exactly what you like to do in bed ... and how frequently. Who needs a video tape recorder when you can be sitting across from one of the best packaged Home Entertainment Centers ever?

With this in mind, I have a small warning: There are a few topics that you should never bring up in bed unless you like to talk during sex:

1) The Owner of the Bar Where He Works. I made that mistake once, and it nearly ruined the evening. The only time I've seen a foul mood descend faster was when I watched a friend get an April-Fool's-Day call telling him that Streisand had just been shot by a sniper on Hollywood Boulevard.

2) Career. I've never known a bartender who wasn't doing it "in the meantime." They all have something that they'd rather be doing or went to school for. This can range anywhere from acting to brain surgery. One thing is for sure—the answer will be long.

3) Does He Like Working Nights? This is a silly question. Aside from the fact that he might misconstrue your meaning—and what a can of worms that could open—you know damn well what he'd be if he had to work days: An airline steward!

The next morning you'll know the joy of waking up and looking at a face that screams "Draw me—Win a free Art Course." This should be enough for any sane man. Don't expect an enduring relationship or, God forbid, fidelity. That would be like asking the balloons at your birthday party to take care of you all year long. One thing you might get, if you play your cards right, is a great friend who keeps you up and going when you need it most.

A recent telephone call:

Me: "Hi, Randy (my bartender friend). Actually, I'm a little tired. You still want to get together tonight. What did you have in mind?"

Him: "Well, I thought we might go for a bite and a few drinks, see the Fassbinder film, and then go to The Saint."

Me: "You mean you want to start at 7:00 with dinner, then go drinking, then go to a movie, then take a big drug and go dancing until 7:00 tomorrow morning ... on a Tuesday night!!?"

Him: "Why not?"

Exactly. Loving bartenders teaches you to replace every "why" with a "why not."

Well, why not. ■■



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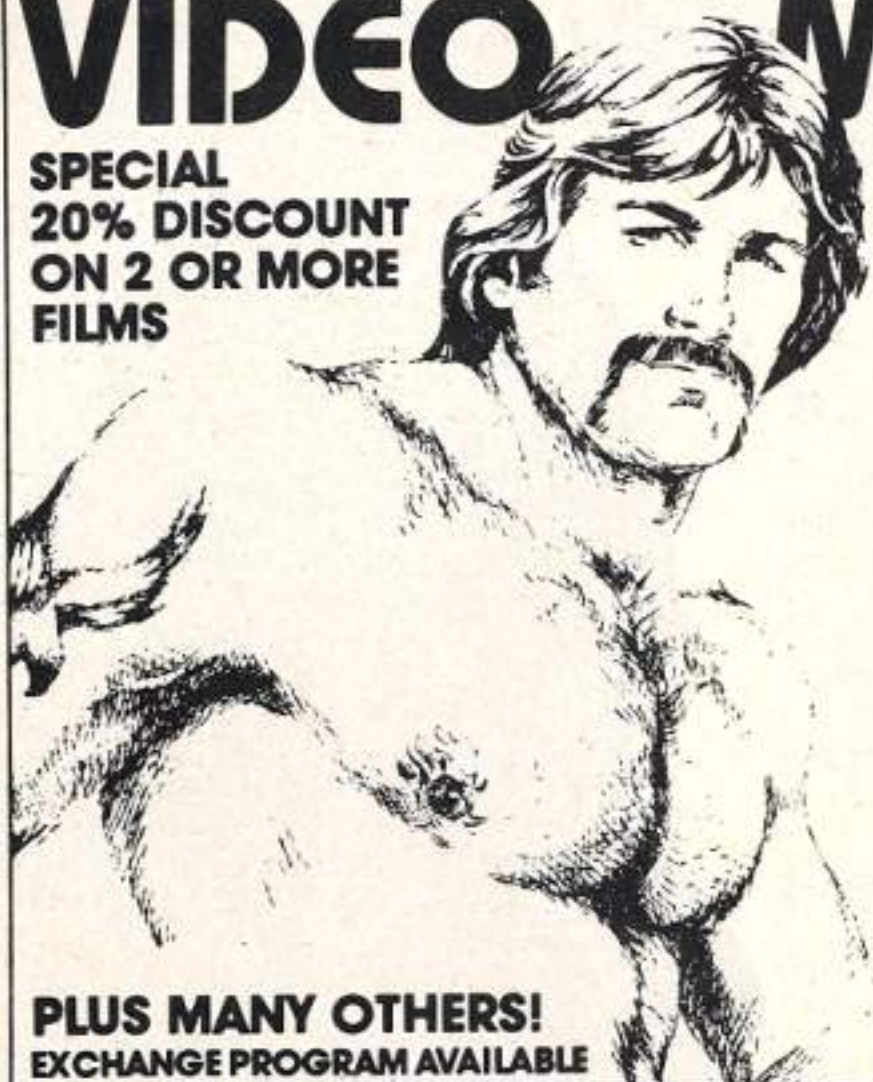
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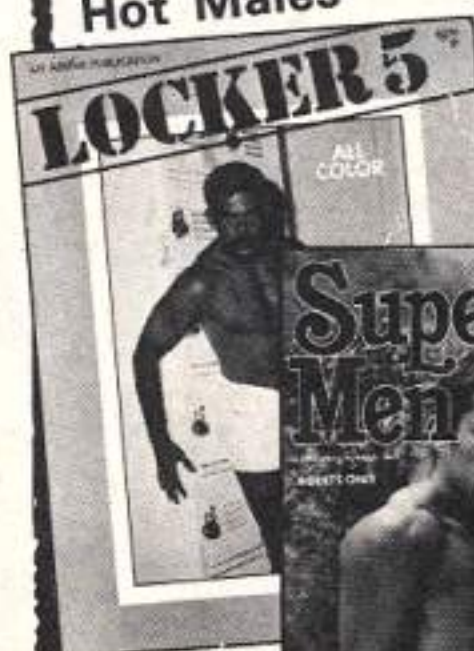
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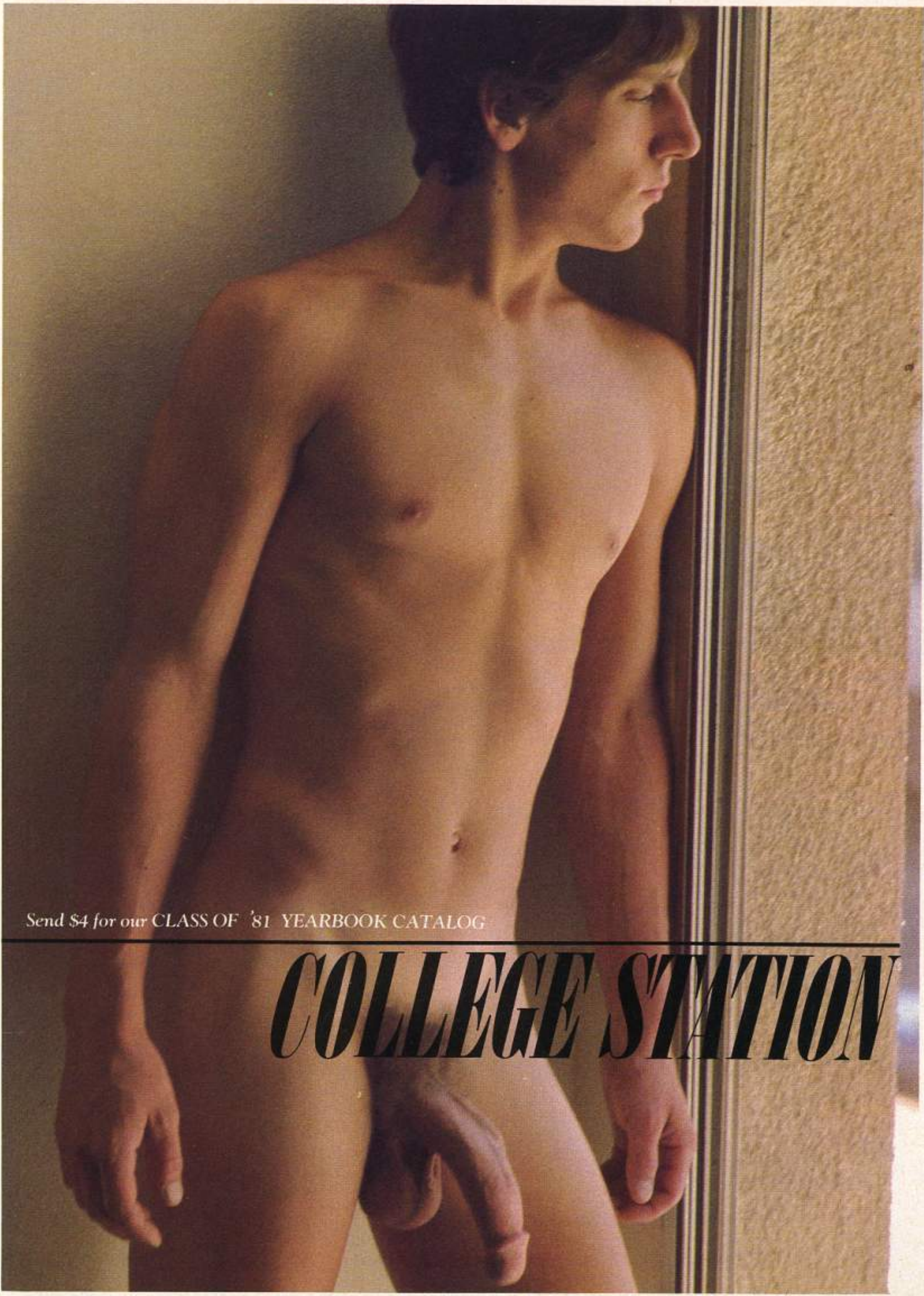
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# SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

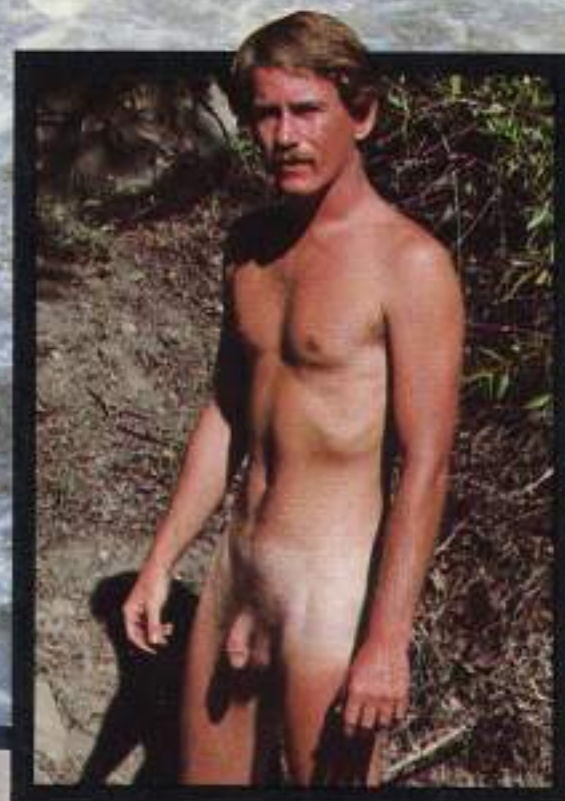
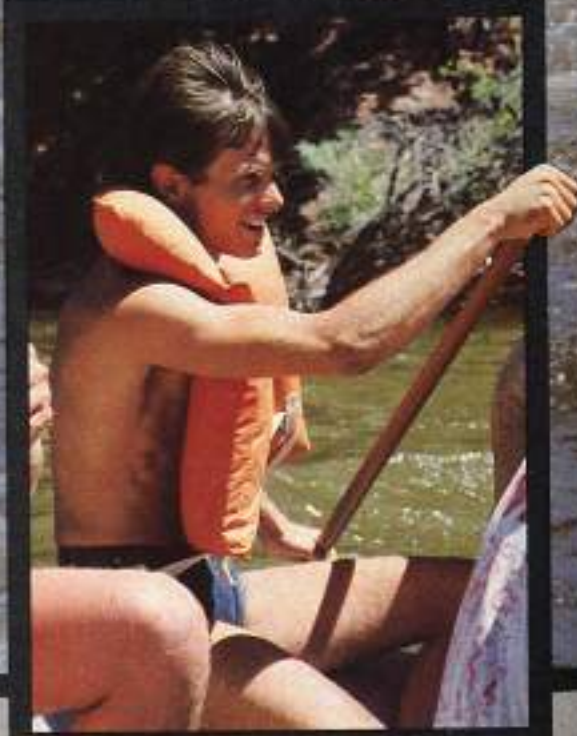
Photos by  
Joe Tiffenbach

Sound sexy? We hear that down on the lower Colorado, shooting the rapids means two guys in a raft so small that one has to straddle the other. Not incidentally, the men are naked. When the raft hits the fast, furious white water, it leaps up, sails over and touches down on a field of rollercoaster bumps and jumps and split-second crises. It's sex and survival all at once. Sounds like the average morning in a gay household with four or more roommates.

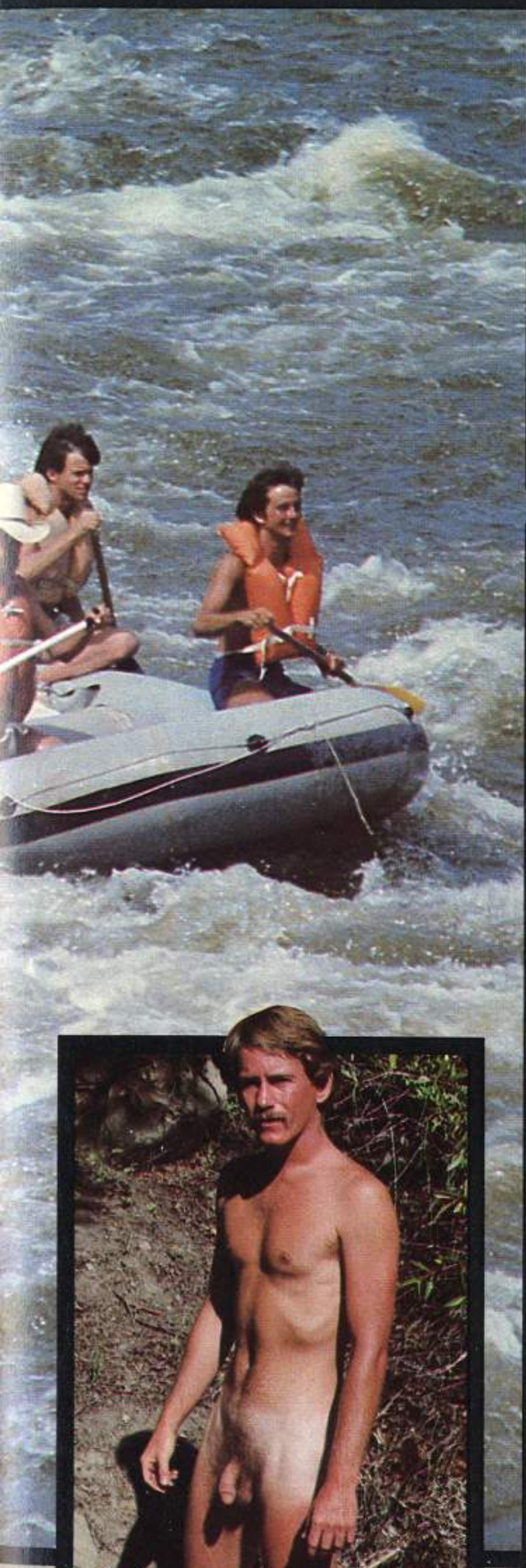
Here we see how the rapids are shot on the upper Colorado by a group of adventurous (but fully dressed) gay men. Even when they bathe in the river after their ride, they are not completely naked: Sneakers must be worn at all times as protection from sharp rocks hidden under the water (not to mention broken popper bottles).



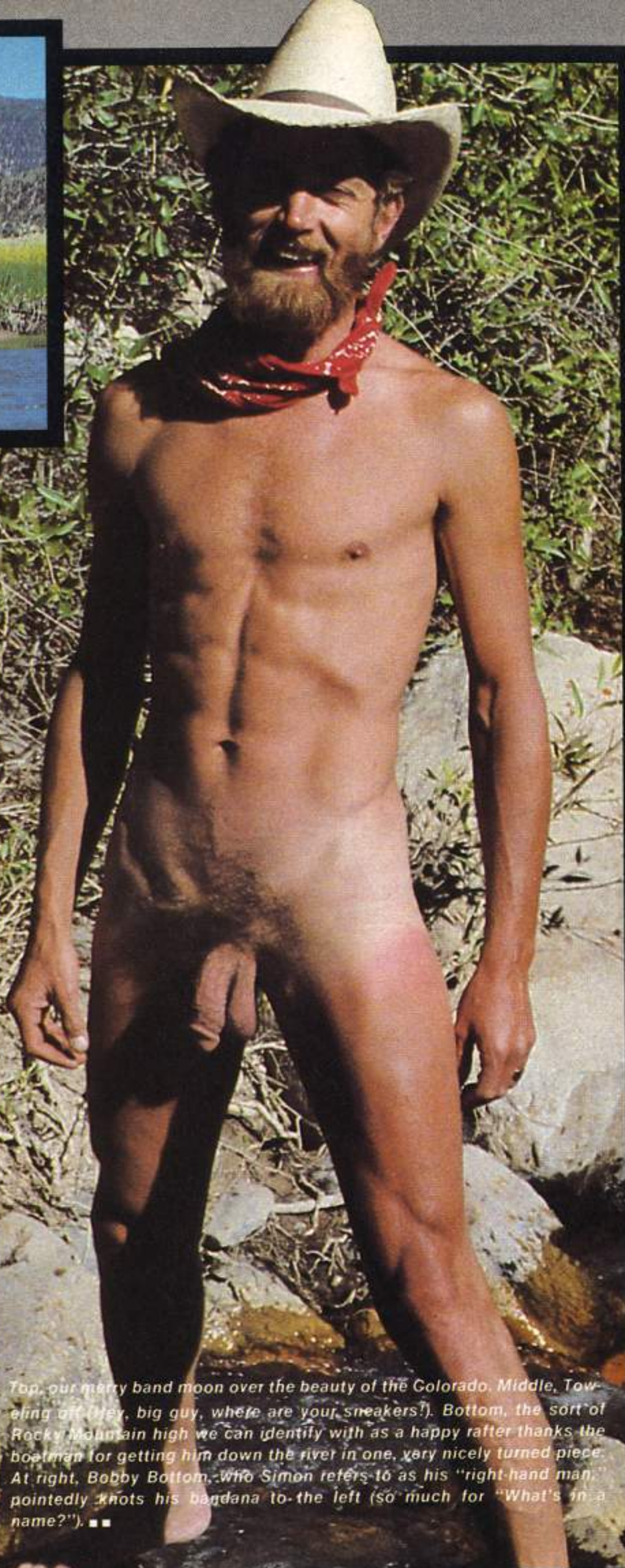
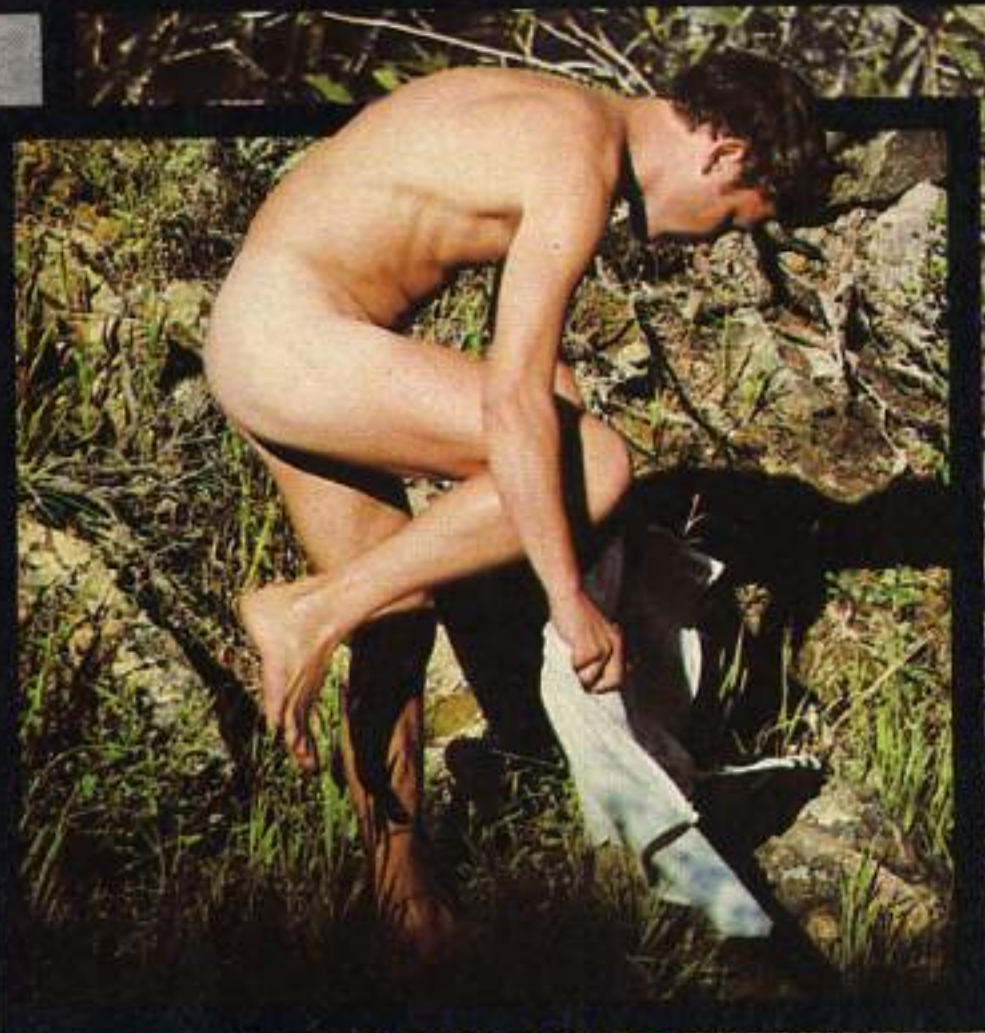
This group was organized by RMA (Remember Me Always), the dream corporation of Vince Simon, a far-sighted businessman who has made a lot of his dreams come true lately. Long a fan of river rafting, the handsome, wirey Simon bought an entire town on the Colorado, named it after himself (Simon Junction) and is now hard at work turning it into a gay resort. 35 miles from Vail, Colorado, Simon Junction is just a hop, skip and a ski-lift away from Beaver Creek where President Ford goes for winter recreation. (Hope the Ford boys drop in when we're there!)











Top, our merry band moon over the beauty of the Colorado. Middle, Toweling off (Hey, big guy, where are your sneakers!). Bottom, the sort of Rocky Mountain high we can identify with as a happy rafter thanks the boatman for getting him down the river in one, very nicely turned piece. At right, Bobby Bottom, who Simon refers to as his "right-hand man," pointedly knots his bandana to the left (so much for "What's in a name?"). ■ ■



## SEX IN PRISON

(Continued from page 24)

queen can literally sell herself to the highest bidder, and once she becomes a Tip Bitch, she will have very few problems. The only drawback I can see is the restriction against outsiders. In one joint, I was asked to become a Tip Bitch for a tip of bikers. That particular prison was like an orchard of ripe peach trees, and I couldn't see limiting myself to one tree. So despite the fact that four of the nine members were positively beautiful, I declined. Later, my friend "Babs" became their Tip Bitch. Within a short time she had a locker full of canteen, her own TV and drugs enough to get stoned on a regular basis. For Babs, the arrangement was ideal. As a Tip Bitch, she had settled into a little haven for herself.

### JOCK AND SISSY

The Jock-and-Sissy arrangement is similar to the Whore-and-Pimp, but more open and liberal. Ingrid had been a Freelancer before meeting Todd, a handsome body-builder. The two of them hit it off and Todd was soon her Jock. They shared everything. They borrowed from and for one another, and they took care of each other's business. Even so, they placed very few restrictions on their relationship. Ingrid continued to get down with other guys (although her promiscuity lessened

appreciably), but no money or commodities changed hands and Todd's approval was not necessary. By contrast, Desiree could turn no trick without the okay of her pimp, Mack, and there was always a fee for her services.

In some Jock-and-Sissy situations, the Jock will curb promiscuity; but in most cases this is impractical—there just aren't enough Sissies to go around. Ratios of straights to gays may run as high as 100 to 1. Where such curbs are imposed, it is usually in the Man-and-Wife case.

### MAN AND WIFE

Sexual liberality is fairly common behind bars. Thus, a one-to-one affair is the rarest relationship. Dean and Margie had one of the purest Man-and-Wife relationships I've ever seen (inside or out). Don was tall, slender, good-looking, his neat appearance, glasses, and quiet manner gave him a scholarly look. It was my first time in prison and Don was one of the first men I was immediately attracted to. I had begun to scheme on how to get him into my cell or into the shower when I learned that Margie was not just another queen—she was his Wife. Neither of them fooled around with anyone else. They were devoted to each other in a mutual bond which transcended mere sexuality.

Perhaps the biggest distinction is that in the Man-and-Wife relationship, sex is mutual. Most queens must be satisfied

with one-way streets in the joint. Only rarely will a straight con reciprocate. Ingrid told me that before she met Todd, one con went down on her before she had the chance to go down on him. Desiree tells similar stories, and I myself was surprised when a handsome young man (whom I thought was straight) asked me to fuck him. Reciprocation is the sharp line that divides the Man-and-Wife relationship from the Jock-and-Sissy relationship.

### OLD MAN AND KID

The most tragic situations are the turn-outs and rape victims. In some cases (as with Shaeffer), a man is raped solely to debase his manhood. Frankly, 90% of these men deserve what happens to them: A man either adjusts to and abides by the unwritten rules of the Convict Code, or he is begging for problems.

In the majority of cases, however, the reason for rape is simply sexual. The victim is young, pretty, and defenseless. Derek was all three of these. When I first saw him, a handsome young blond, I desperately wanted to take him to bed, but he resisted all my overtures. We celled next to each other and became close friends, despite the fact that he wouldn't give me a play.

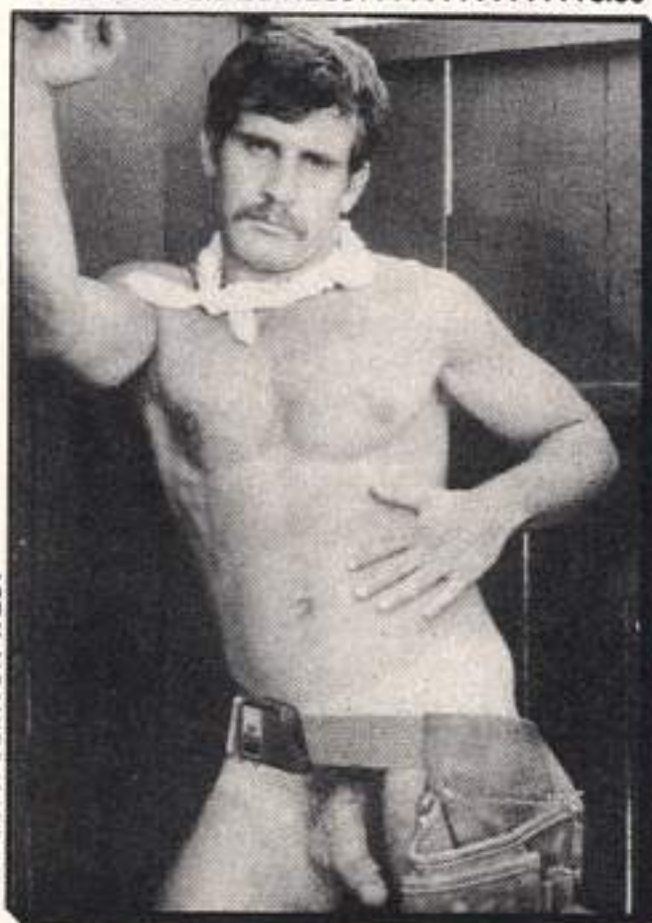
He spent a lot of time in my cell during evening unlock. But I began to notice that every time Sonny sent for him, Derek's mood changed. He would immediately get

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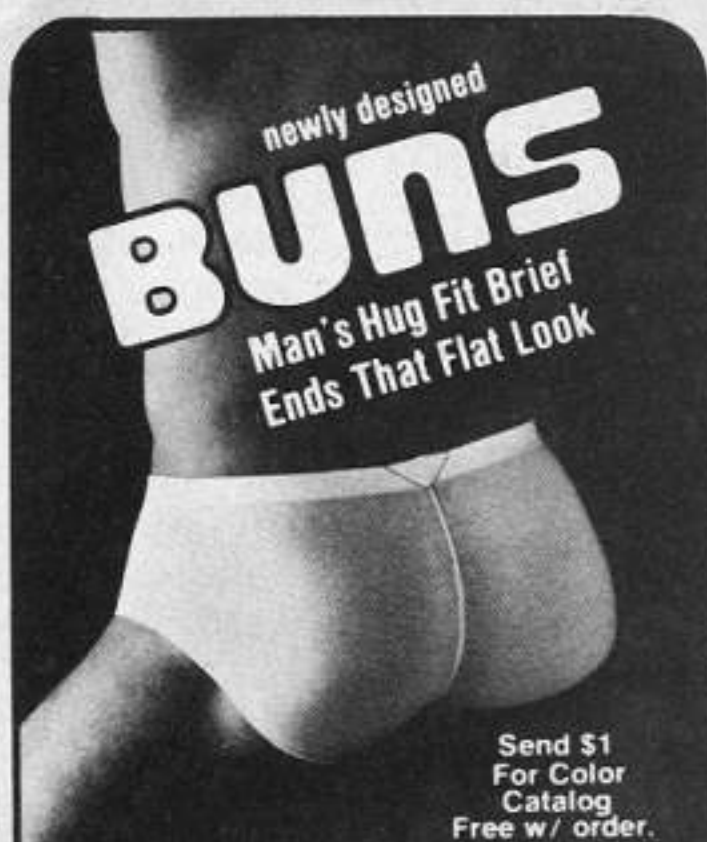
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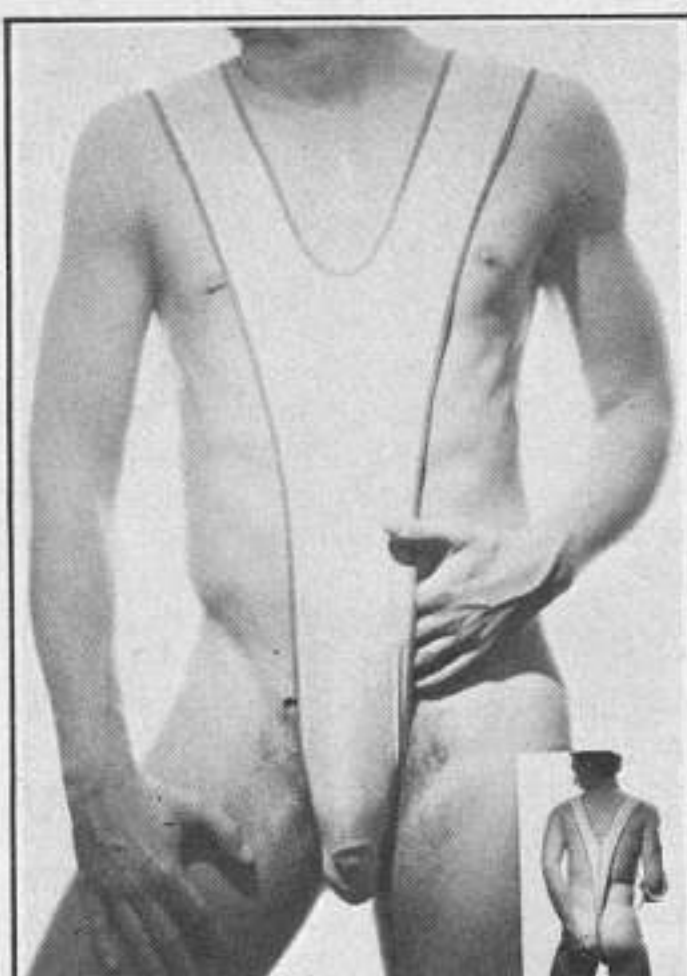
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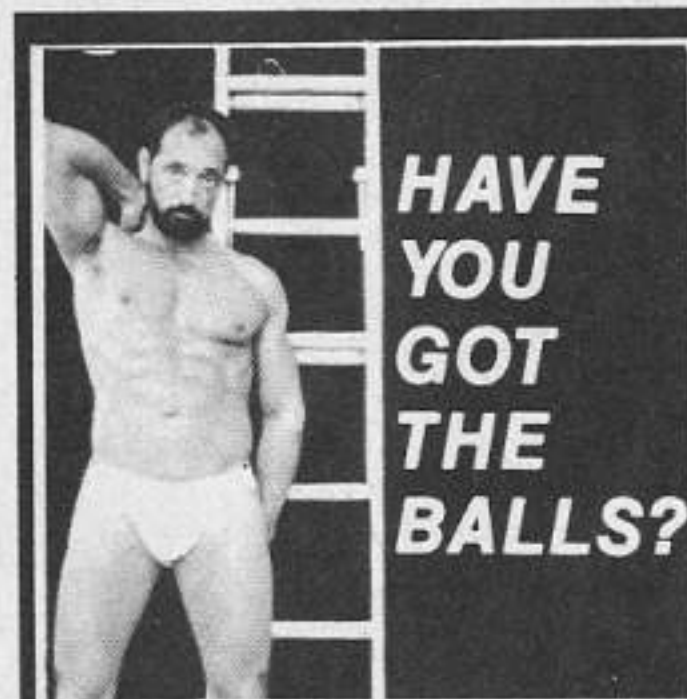
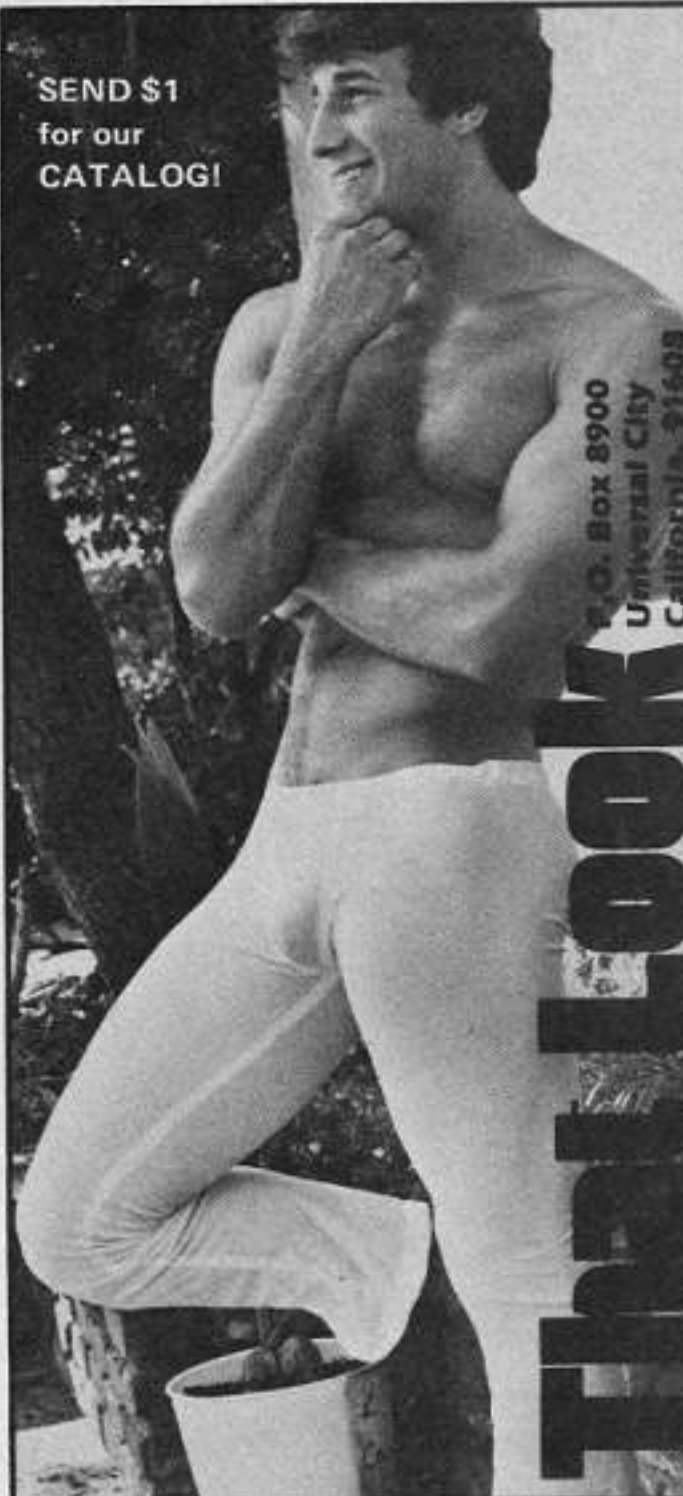
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up and leave, even in the middle of a chess game. Eventually, he confided that Sonny had walked into his cell one evening, thrown a shank on the bunk, and told Derek to either defend himself or submit to being fucked. Derek tried to talk his way out of the ultimatum. Talk was no good. Sonny, by sheer size alone, overpowered the slender young blond. A few fists to the solar plexus, then to the kidneys, and Derek was powerless. After that, he "belonged" to Sonny.

Eventually, Derek P.C.'d. P.C. is the absolute last resort in prison. When a man P.C.'s, he loses all chances of earning work-time credits, loses all privileges, is labeled a snitch (even if, as in Derek's case, he has never snitched on someone) and suffers a myriad of indignities. Derek had not wanted to P.C., but he had suffered from being fucked every day and couldn't stand it any longer.

The turn-out is called sometimes a "Kid," a "punk" or a "little girl." In some joints, the Kid is protected by the Old Man who turned him out; in other joints, he becomes fair game to just about anyone who wants him. If a young turn-out has a short sentence, he may eventually get over the traumatic experience. If he has a lot of time to do, he will probably be scarred for life.

In some prisons, the intended turn-out need do no more than put up a good fight ("show heart," as we call it) and nothing worse than a black-eye or a few bruises will result. In other cases, depending on the degree of psychosis in the attacker, no amount of heart will deter the rape. One kid put up a helluva fight and came very close to defeating his attacker but was brutally raped anyway.

The only situation I have not covered is the closet queen. I can't say too much on the subject because my own feeling is that if a man is gay, he should be proud of it. The closet queen in prison is missing a lot of good times. He might also be saving himself a lot of grief, but that's not what I call living.

Prison can be hell. There is not enough room in this article to tell the many terrible things that happen to men caged away from an uncaring society. Suffice it to say that prison, at best, is a bad dream from which we hope to awaken one day.

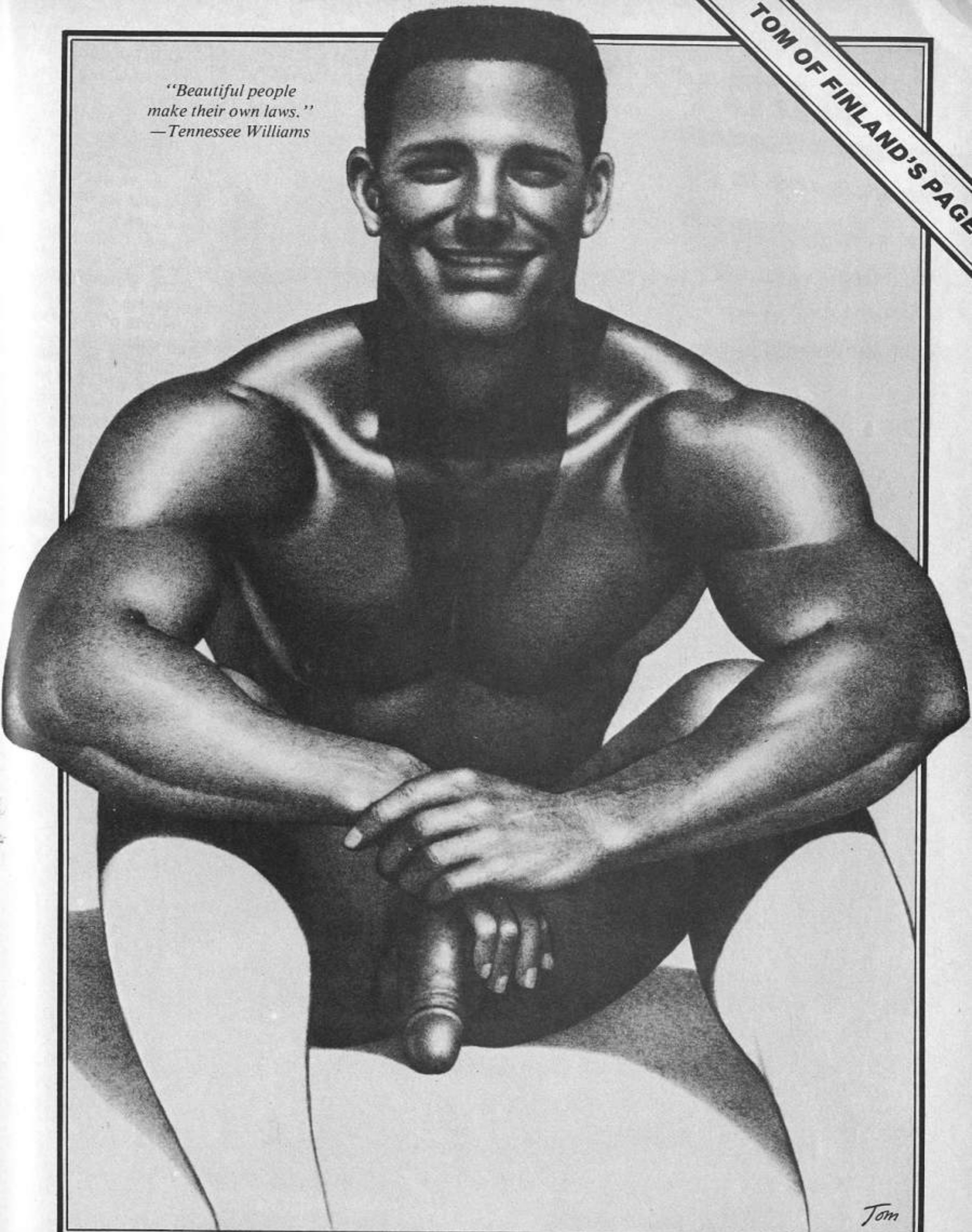
Prison can also be a paradise. Remember Joey? He is with me again. (He is 19, now.) We have a Jock-and-Sissy relationship. Our cells are on the same tier and not a day goes by that we don't get down. I still get down with several guys, but more and more I find myself interested only in Joey—and two of his friends of the same age. I hate prison, I wish I were free again, but since I am here, Joey is making my life as heavenly as possible.

Like any situation in life, prison is mostly what the individual makes of it. The homosexual here is surrounded by nothing but men; it's up to him to turn hell into heaven.



*"Beautiful people  
make their own laws."  
—Tennessee Williams*

TOM OF FINLAND'S PAGE



*Tom*



# ANDY

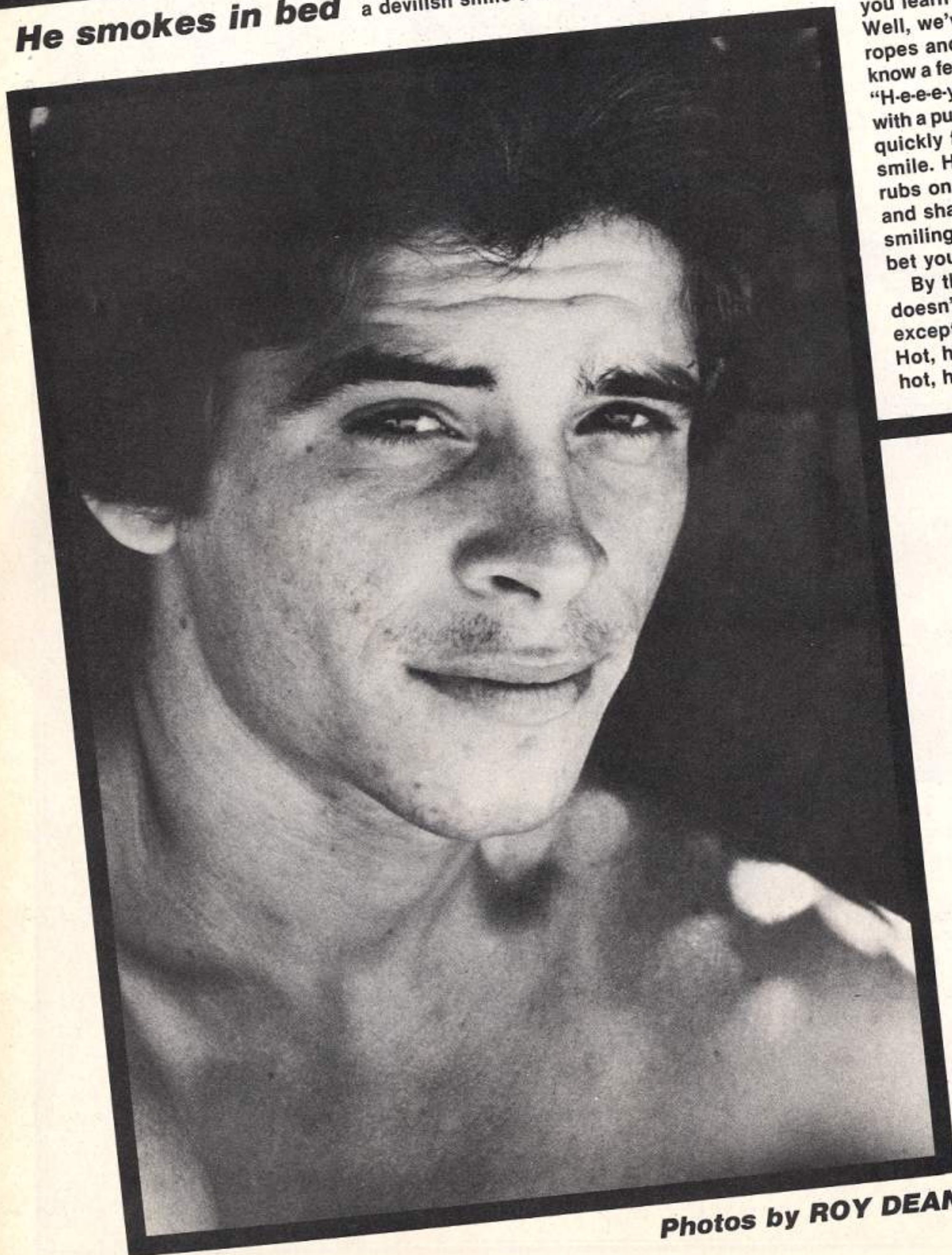
## He smokes in bed

Andy De Rosa says that modeling is his second favorite thing to do. What's your first, Andy? He fixes us with a devilish smile and

holds it. Oh-kay, that answers that question.

Andy is 24, works sometimes as a rock guitarist (but usually as a construction worker)

in Boston and is out in Hollywood visiting an old dirtbiking buddy of his who's making it big as a stunt man. "I think I could be a stuntman, too. It's not hard. Once you learn the ropes." Well, we've got some ropes and we certainly know a few stunts. "H-e-e-e-y!" Andy says with a put-on smirk that quickly flashes into a smile. He off-handedly rubs one of his pecs and shakes his head, smiling harder now. "I bet you could at that!" By the way, Andy doesn't smoke—except in bed. Hot! Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot!



Photos by ROY DEAN





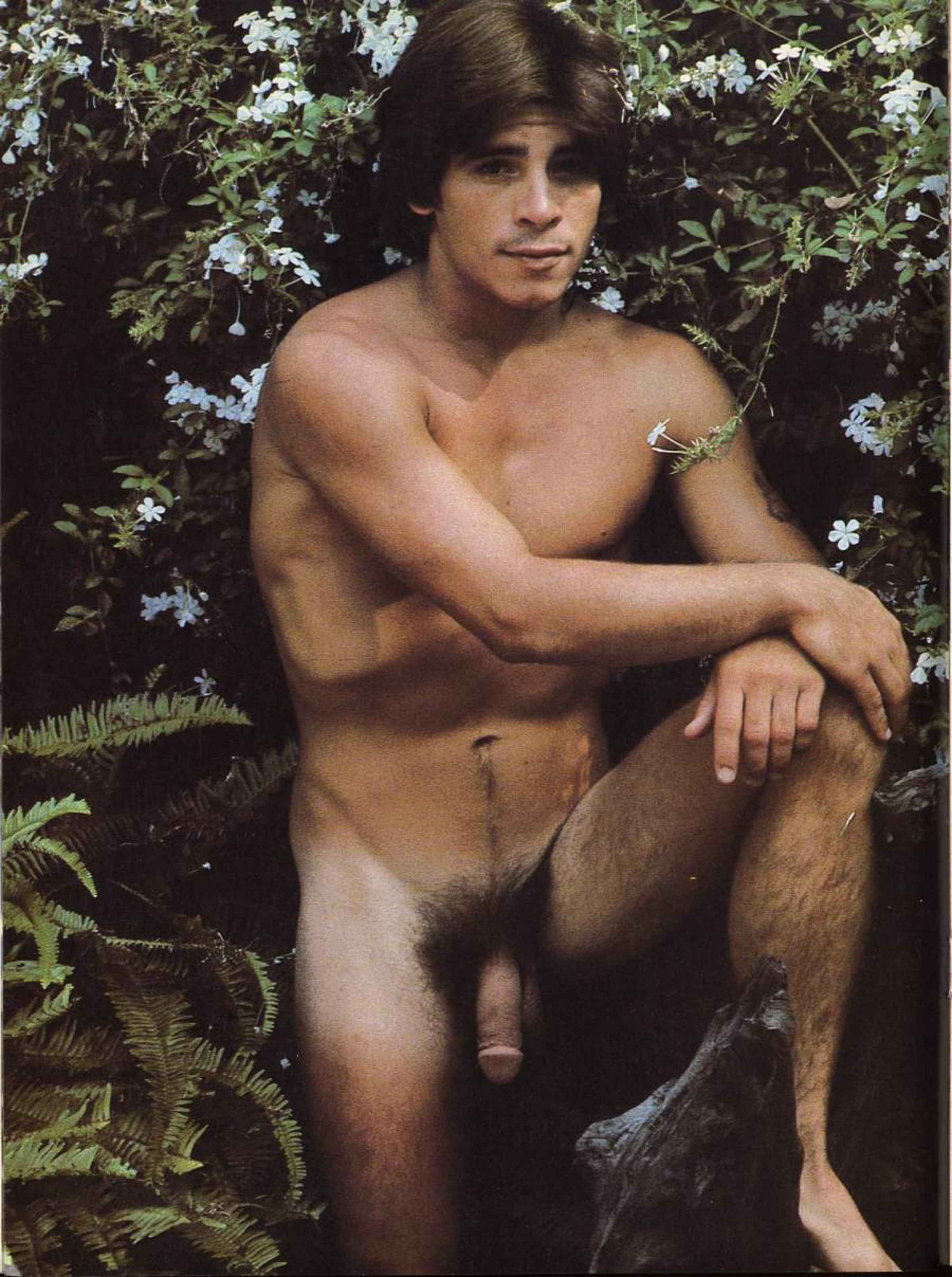




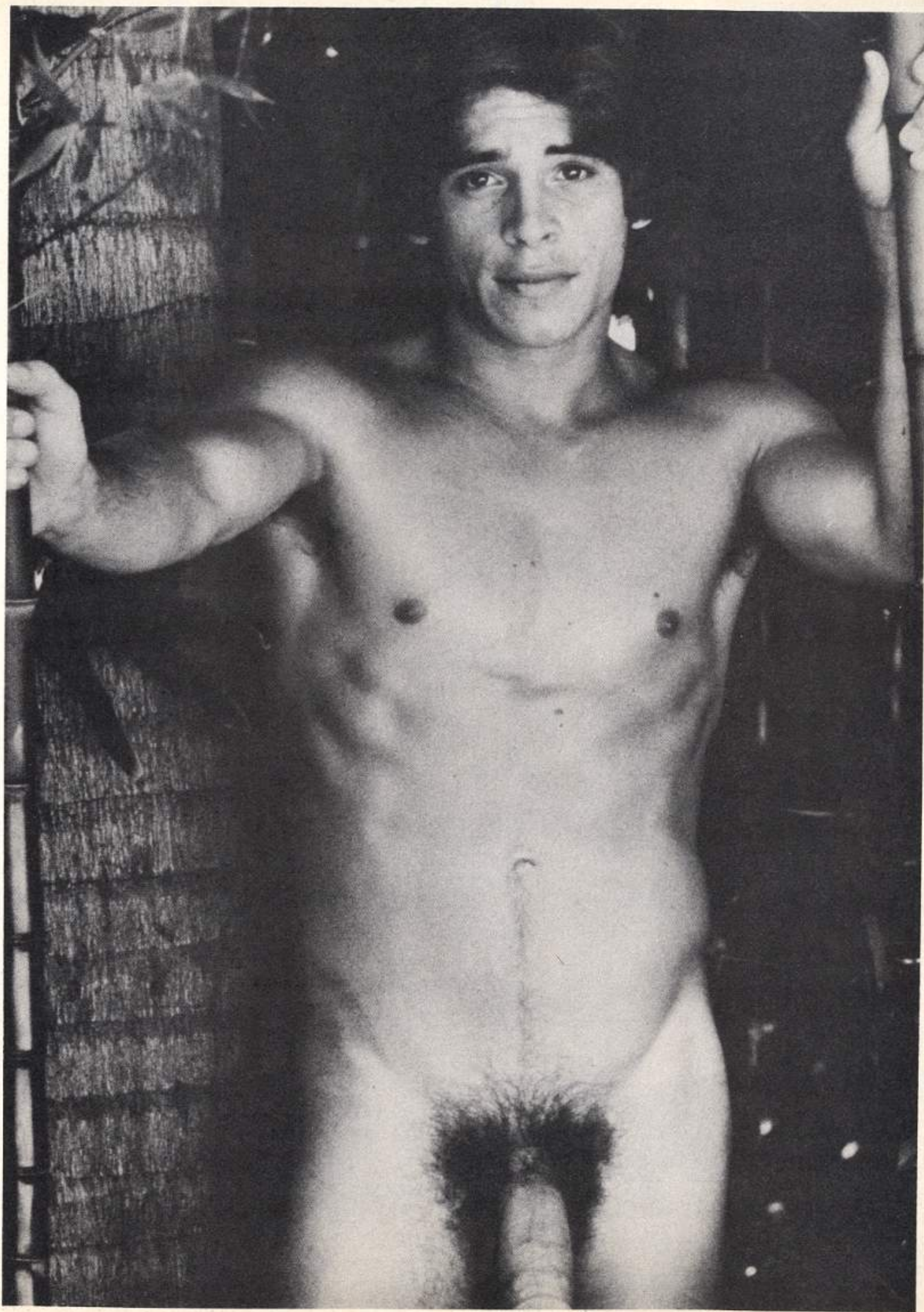




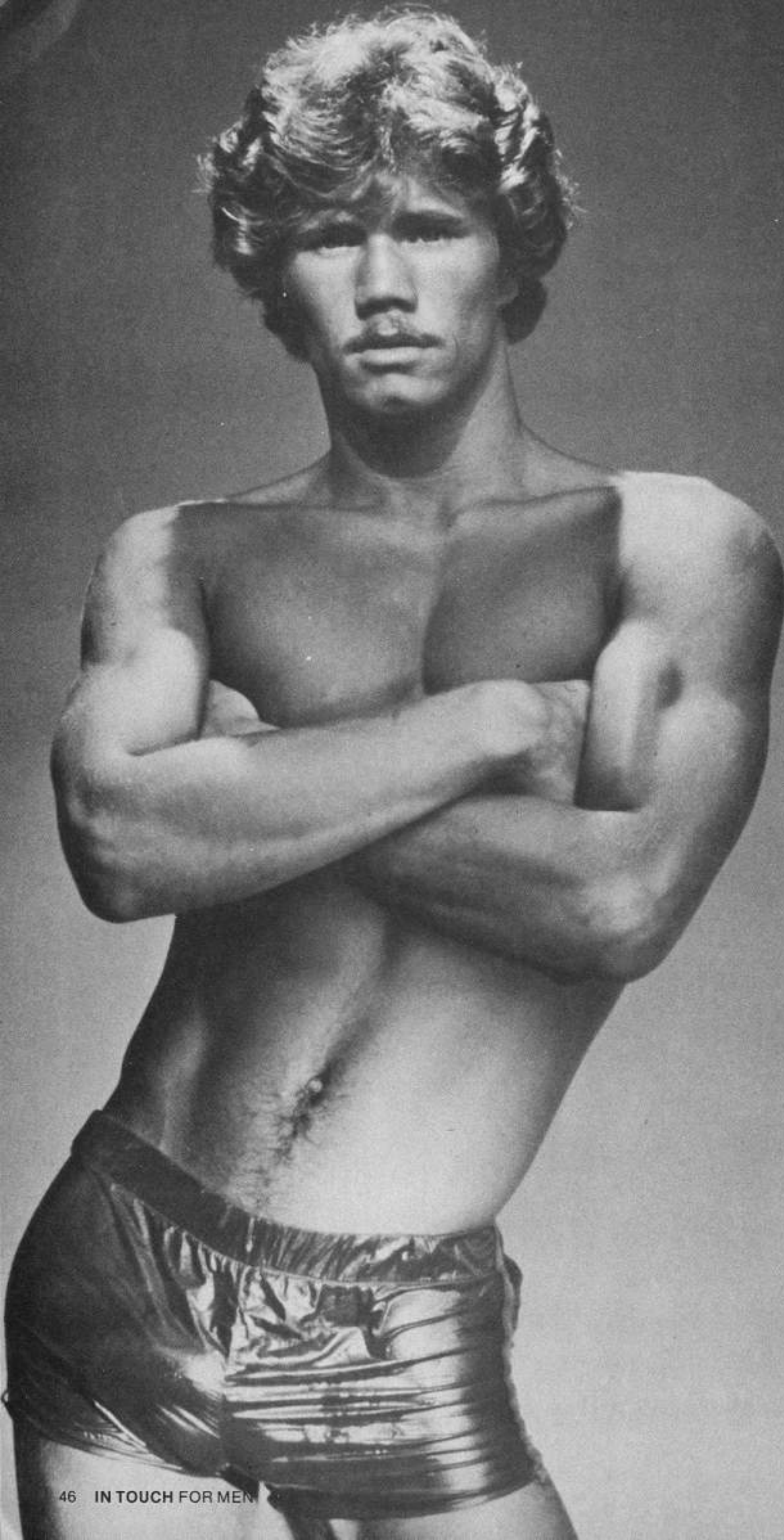












# KIRBY

*He's a cult model*

Kirby Scott is a first for us. The pull-out-and-kiss center-spread of the Colt calendar, the star of Colt's *Gym Nasties* (that title alone could get you off), Kirby Scott is the first Colt model we've ever shown in *IN TOUCH*. "We don't often photograph in this age bracket," says Colt Studio. "But then we don't often meet a Kirby Scott. Kirby's appearance in our 1981 calendar has brought such a wild response that we predict he's going to hit like gangbusters."

And gangbusters is exactly the way we like to be hit. Should we talk about those green eyes? Should we talk about that phallic face? And how about those babycakes—that ain't bad, either.

No, we won't talk about those green eyes, that phallic face and those babycakes. We want to talk about *Gym Nasties*. In this little romp, Kirby co-stars with a guy named Gunner Hyde. And believe us, this guy *looks* like he was born with the name Gunner Hyde. The movie? Very simply, a triumph. You've heard of *Desire Under the Elms*? This is *Desire Under the Dumbbells*. We are in no state to give a responsible review. We will just quote from the Colt brochure: "Maybe if KIRBY had been wearing a jock-strap while jumping rope in the gym, we wouldn't have had a movie. But as soon as hawkeye GUNNER saw all that fallout—it was showtime!"

Ah yes. A star is—at the very least—born.

**Photos by  
COLT STUDIO**

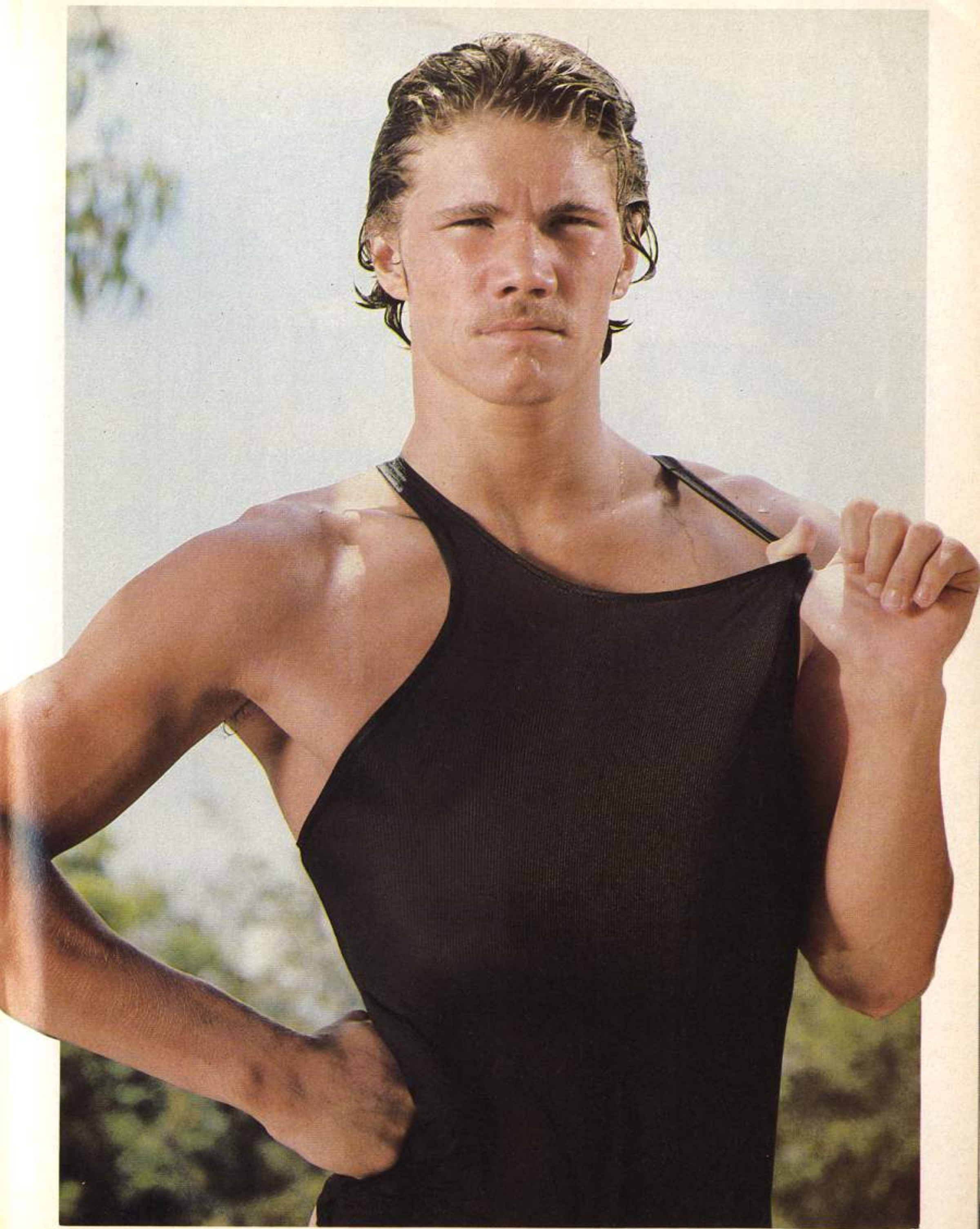
























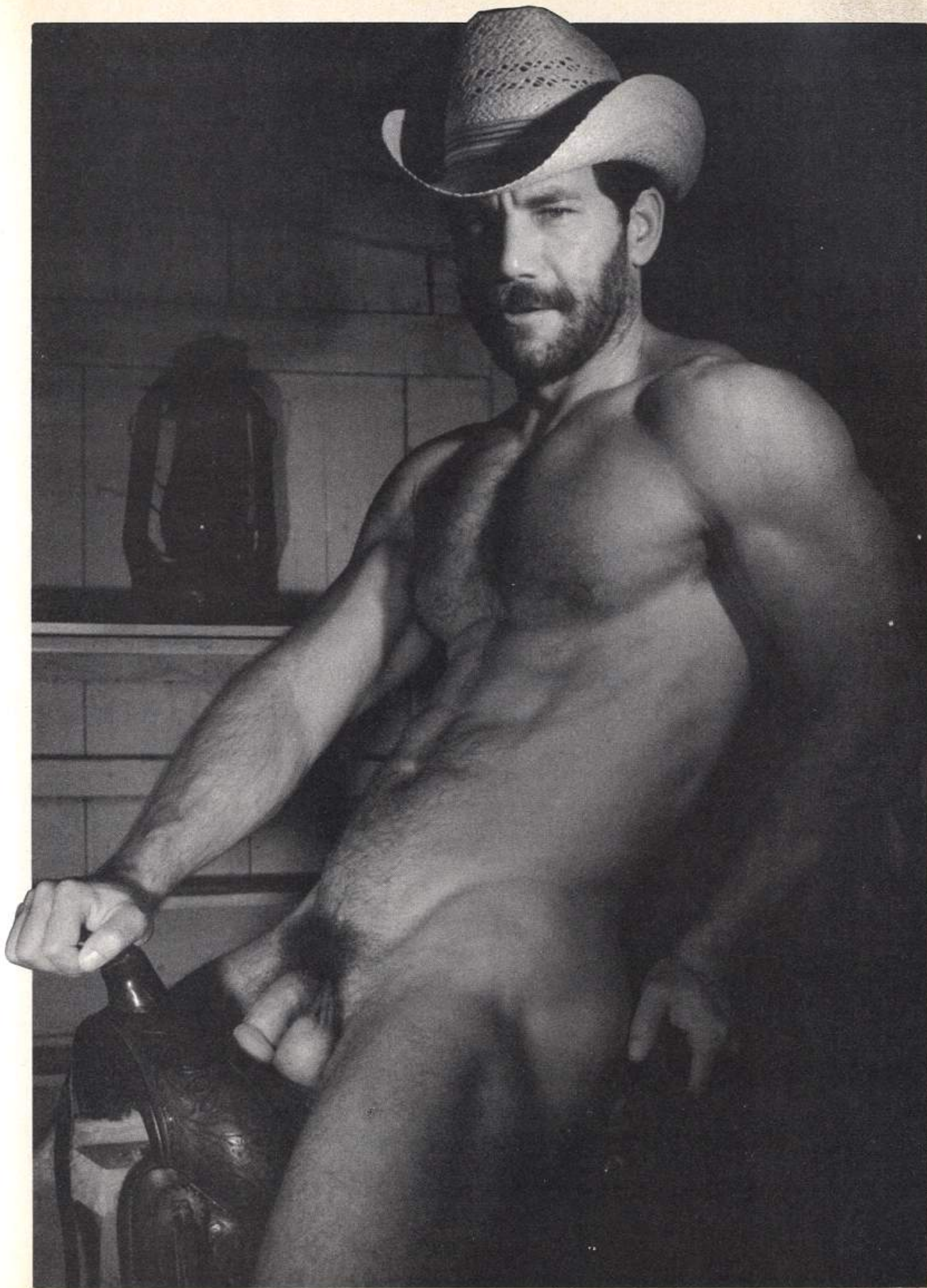
# MICKEY

**He has  
needs**

When you take off his hat and his hankie, loosen his belt with the heavy buckle, grab a leg between yours and pull off a boot, then the other, pull off the jeans and, since there is no underwear on this bird, go right for the cockring and gently shift things around till it's off and he's stark on the bed with one foot touching the floor at all times—when you've got Mickey Squires down to the limit, the man is still all cowboy. Hell, the best, bitchin' all-cowboy cowboy you ever smoked dope with!

**Photos by  
J. CLINTON WEST**





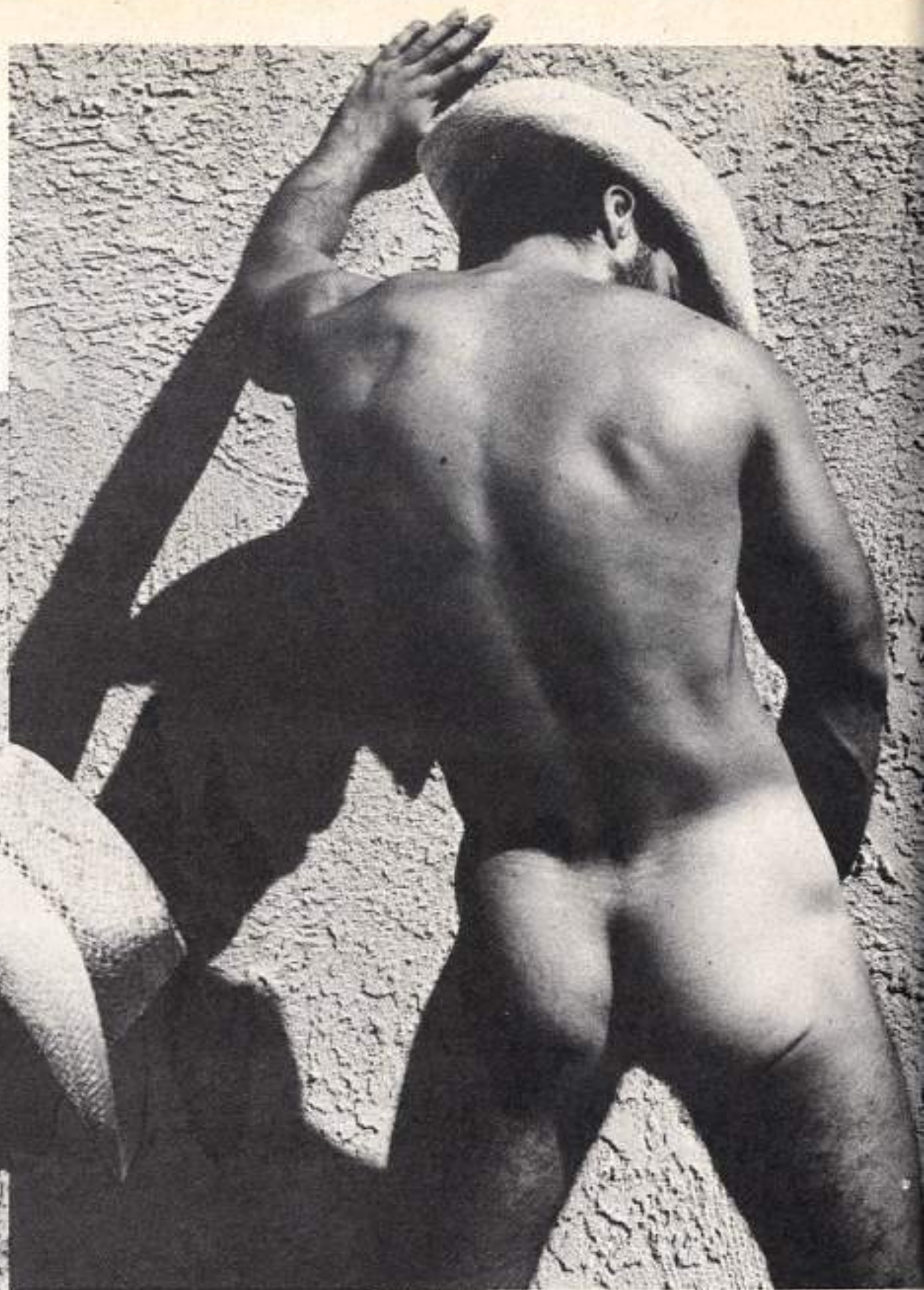
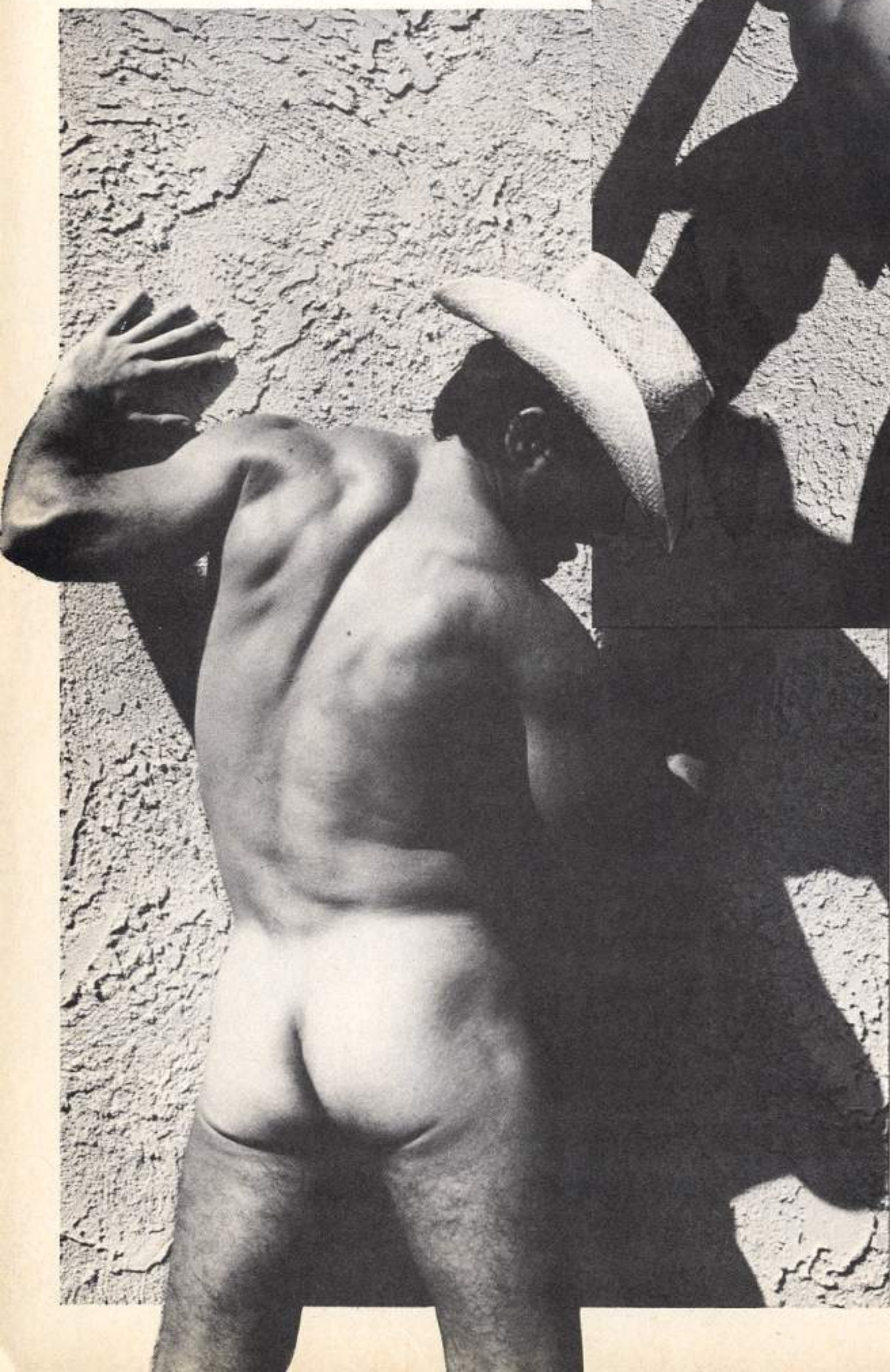










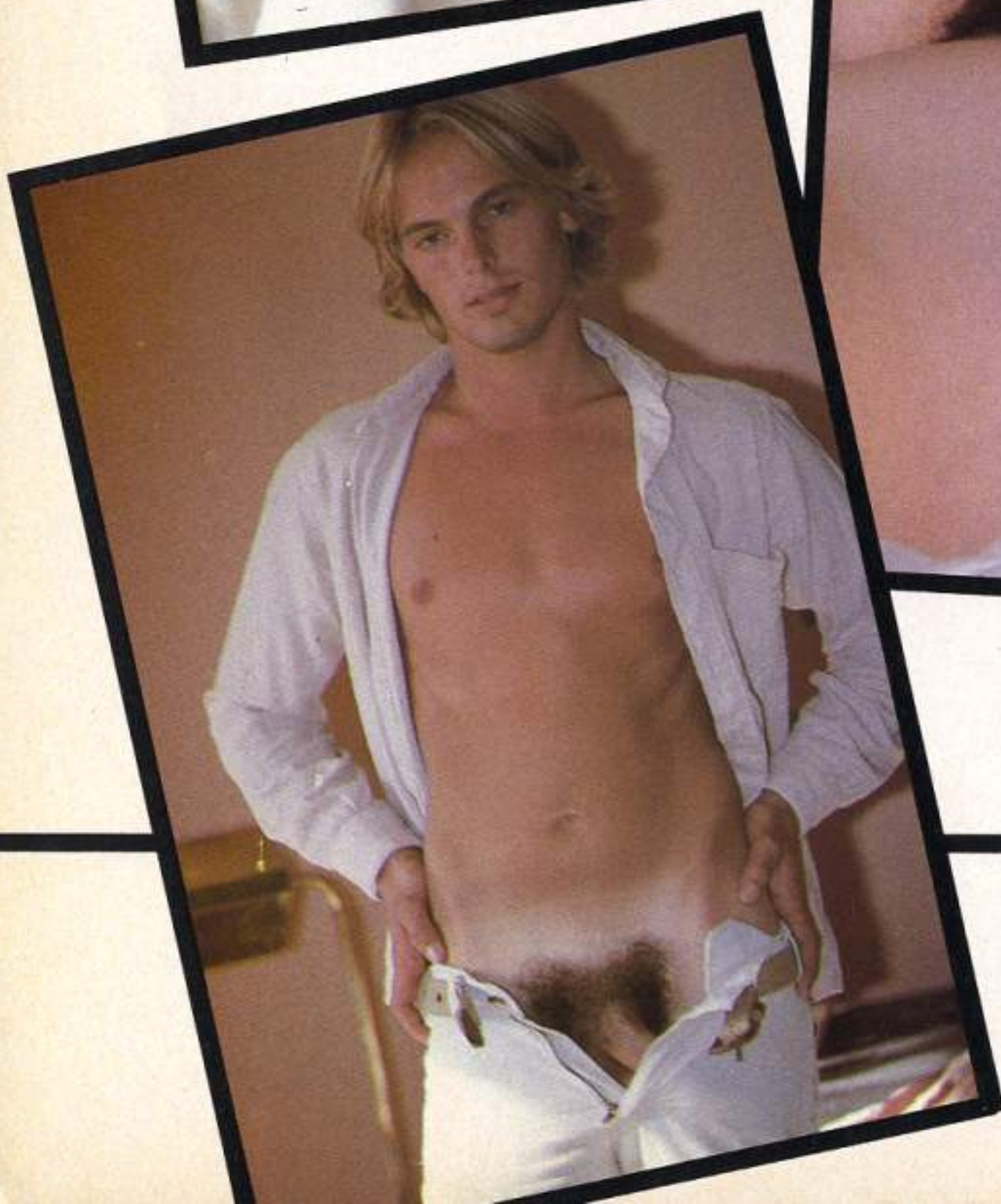
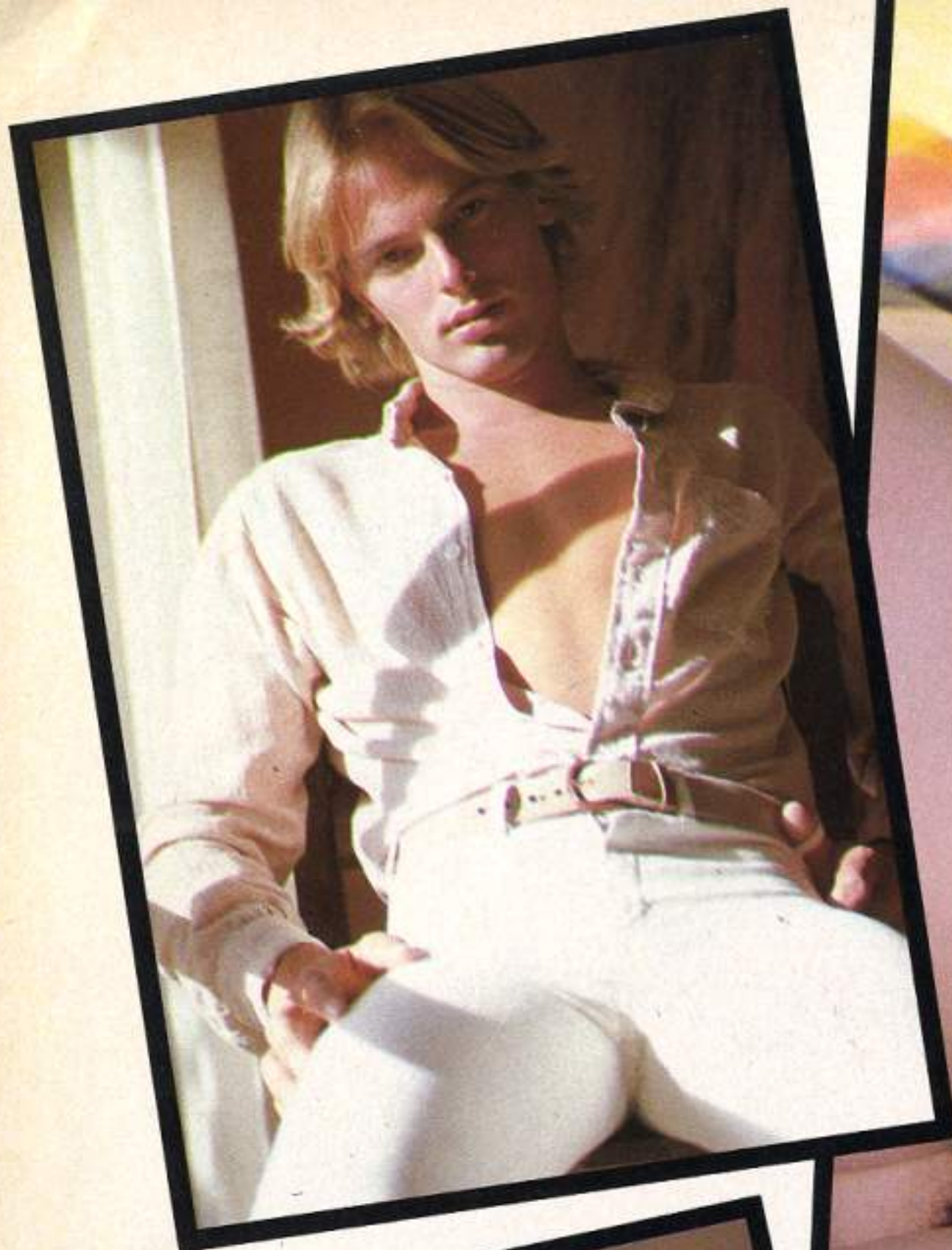


A Sacramento Valley boy, Mickey learned what he knows from his frequent trips to San Francisco. He picked up a lover there—though they had to separate when the lover was stationed on a ship headed for Subac Bay. Mickey still carries it strong for that guy, but a man has needs, after all. So he comes into San Francisco on weekends and makes the scene. Mickey's a Scorpio ("Double Scorpio," he corrects), likes bars and baths and the kind of loving he can find south of Market Street.









# **CHRIS**

***He's real laid back***

Chris Walker is one of those California boys we all left home for. Chris was found bicycling around Laguna in nothing but bright mustard gym shorts with "Laguna High School Phys. Ed."

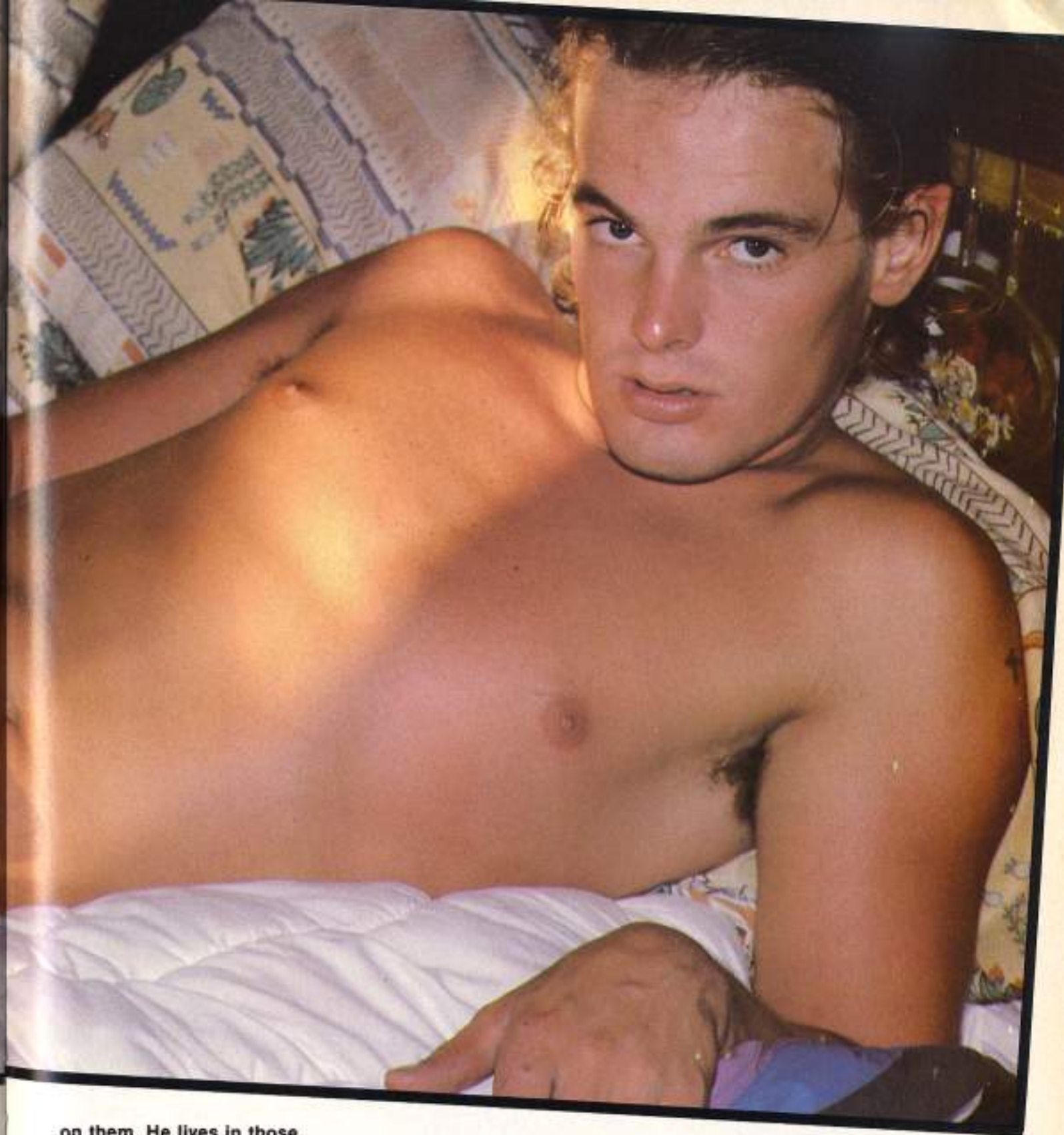




## **CHRIS**

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on them. He lives in those shorts (note the tan lines)—except of course when he showed up for our photo session in his Sunday-best white suit. We told him it was not that kind of photo session.

"No problem," he said and zipped out of his ice-cream suit. For the record, Chris is 20, a Virgo and works for a surfboard

rental shop where he waxes down the boards (note forearms and biceps).

"There's this big number going on between the surfers and the gays in Laguna. It's real tense. The gays gotta stay on the gay side of the beach and the surfers stay on the surfer's side of the beach. Real high-

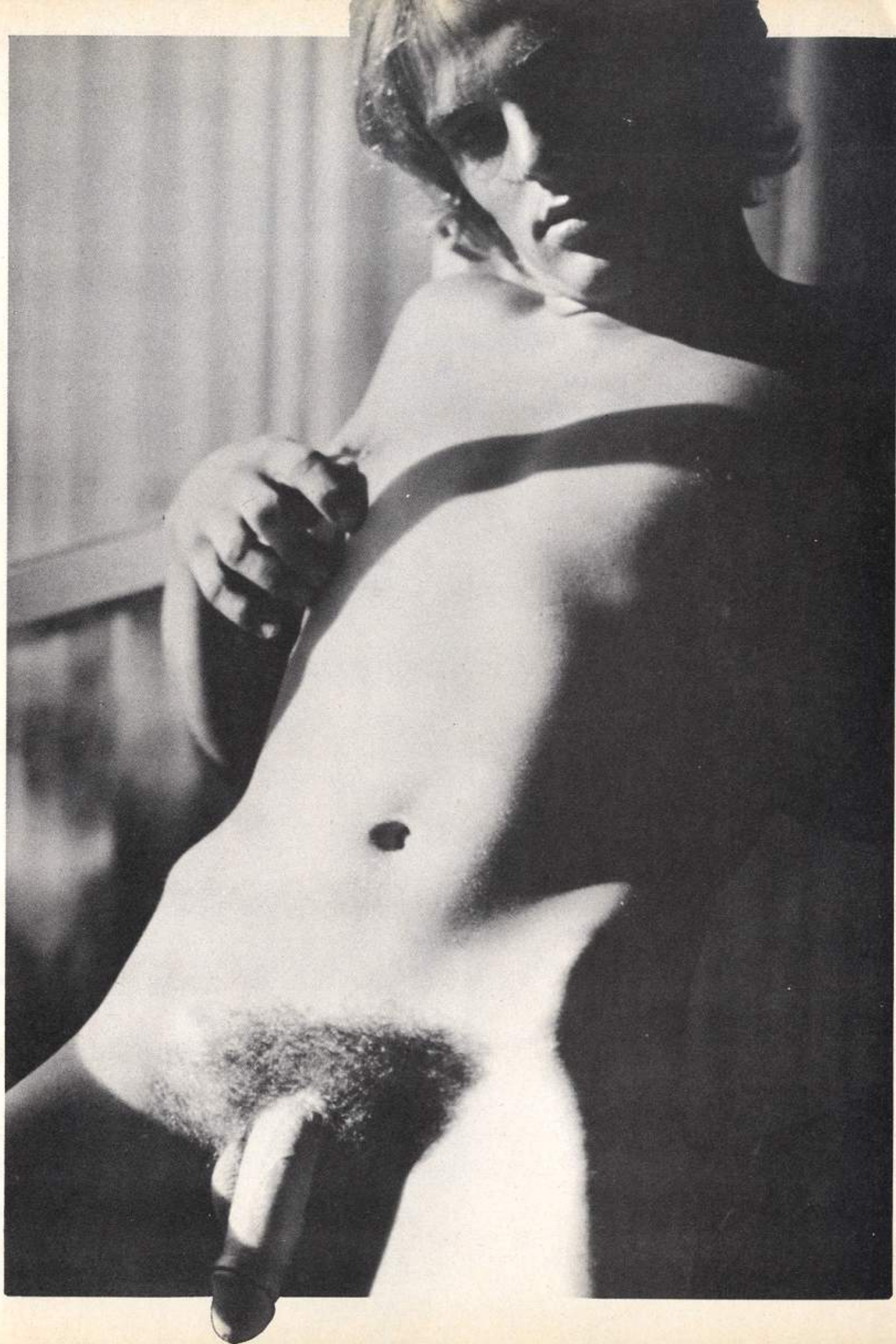
school dumbshit stuff. To my way of thinking, gays are O.K., you know? Hey, it's a big world." Yup, getting bigger all the time (Note the . . . but we're sure you've noted that already.)

**Photos by ZAK DRUMMER  
—COLLEGE STATION**



















# Souvenir of Mexico

## Fiction by Jerry Mills

The car coughed twice and sputtered to its death. "Shit!" Tom sat in the humidity and ran a hand through his blond hair. He had just pulled off the road for a coke at this afterthought of a country store in the middle of the Mexican jungle. It wasn't even on the main route. No garages here, he thought. "Aw, shit!" He loosed his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. Even the hair on his chest was fair.

Behind the rickety-tickety store he could see a sun-bleached, paint-peeling gas station that had been abandoned years ago. Roosters pecked lazily at the bases of the dusty pumps, and a too-skinny dog drowsed where 1940 Airflow cars must have paused to fill up. "Great," he said. "Absofuckinlutely terrific."

Tom looked under the hood at the grease-darkened jumble of machinery, not that it meant anything to him. He had never been the kind of guy who took shop. Even in high school, he was the executive type, with white-collar grades and a letter in baseball. And now, at 27, he was an executive on a business trip. Why fly, he had told his wife, Linda; the drive would be great. Some great. He was in the middle of nowhere with a showroom-fresh piece of junk, and Mexico City, his destination, was miles and miles ahead. "Scenic" was the word he had used when talking to his wife about this trip. Yeah, right: Desperate shacks perched on hillsides. Starving children pushing paste bulls covered with turquoise fleck. Desert panoramas. Jungle panoramas. And these dead-end detours he had taken. What was he looking for?

He loved his wife and certainly he missed her, but he doubted if she would approve of certain adventures he had had here. The whores in Durango, for instance. God, but they were gross women with varicose veins and dead, off-green teeth. No thanks, senorita; although he had considered it for a moment. It was Mexico that did this to him. Put him in a state. Ever since he had crossed the border, he felt horny, drugged, under a spell. All the oversized flowers, overripe fruit, music, tequila. The air heavy with flower scents, nectars oozing down enormous petals, freshly painted papier-mache blaring out acid-bright colors.

Mexico was seducing him.

He entered the mercado. The fat owner was not visible. Mariachi music played from an old radio in the corner under a 1957 calendar with nudes.

"Hello? Anyone here?"

A Mexican boy of about 19 emerged from the back room. Tom explained his problem, but the boy didn't understand. Tom consulted his well-worn Spanish dictionary, and the boy called his father. A cartoonish conversation ensued with the father, half-gestured, half-spoken. It was established that the merchant just hap-

pened to know some car-repair basics and offered to look under the hood—for "U.S. dollars," of course. Tom agreed.

Tom had another coke and flipped through the American magazines scattered on the near-empty rack. At least, they were from the current year. At the fruit stand outside, the merchant's son rearranged the mangoes. Tom felt he was being watched and, sure enough, the boy was glaring at him. The observer observed immediately looked down, his long lashes descending like a black curtain cutting off a searchlight. Tom shuffled the pages of the magazine uncomfortably.

When Tom sensed the boy was sufficiently involved with restacking the mangoes, he watched him surreptitiously. He had come to see that the people of Mexico were a pretty race. This boy of 19 was a fine example of their best qualities: Skin like honeyed caramel. Thick maroonish lips. The boy had a scar that broke the symmetry of one eyebrow, but the flaw only enhanced his sensual, animalistic face. Blue black hair grew in wild ringlets. Shirtless, his body was long and softly muscled.

"Mangoes?" Tom asked.

"Si," the boy said heavily and handed him one of the fleshy fruits. Tom explored it and handed it back to him, but the boy would not take it. "*Para usted*," he said, using the polite form of address. "... *Gratis*." They locked eyes. Adrenaline pumped through Tom's body. He was shaken. A boy? This had never happened before.

He made another effort to return to the magazine. The father eventually informed Tom that the car could be fixed, but it would take "much time." Tom asked how much.

"*Manana*."

"Great," Tom groaned. And where would he spend the night? Ever the opportunist, the merchant suggested that for a few more "U.S. dollars" he could find a place for Tom to sleep, and even throw in a dinner with his family. Tom flashed briefly on the possibility of something happening to him. Deserted backroads were not unacquainted with robbery and murder. Still, the merchant looked respectable and easy to overpower.

But what about his son? And if the son had brothers? Tom didn't need this mental hassle. Anyway, there was no alternative. He accepted the merchant's offer.

Dinner proved to be meager but very tasty. Tom sat at the table with the merchant and his sprawling family. Everyone spoke noisily and simultaneously in Spanish, the father frequently cuffing one of his numerous children. Everyone was cur-

ious about America, and he tried to answer their questions as best he could, but his Spanish was lacking. His rudimentary sentences would often come to embarrassed impasses as he set off gales of giggling in the children. The boy, whose name was Guillermo, spoke only when spoken to by his father, and then only a few words. Guillermo kept his head lowered, but Tom caught him a few times glancing at him. The boy's interest unnerved him.

After dinner, the father attended to Tom's car and the children played shrilly. Tom sought relief from the heat and went outback. He wandered about in the blue light of evening. Guillermo was some distance away, swinging lazily on a homemade tire-swing, smoking and idly turning the pages of a magazine. The cigarette looked somehow wrong, dangling from his purple lips. Tom smoked also and sat pondering as the smoke curled about his face and blond hair.

The father called and Guillermo deserted the swing, tucking the magazine and his cigarette pack in the tire's hollow inside. Curious, Tom approached the still swaying swing and extracted the magazine. It was a *Playboy*, well worn and in English. Several pictures of its airbrushed beauties had been torn out.

He replaced the magazine and as it was growing dark entered the house. The father/merchant/mechanic/innkeeper sat in a cane chair drinking tequila. He motioned for Tom to join him. The crystal clear tequila spread through Tom's body like a shot, firing and numbing him alternately. The merchant told his sad tale. Once his business had been thriving. A river of traffic flowed past his establishment on its way to Mexico City. Then the super highway was built some distance to the west. The river dwindled to a stream and then dried up almost completely. Tom suggested he relocate. The merchant shrugged. "My home is my home," he said in Spanish.

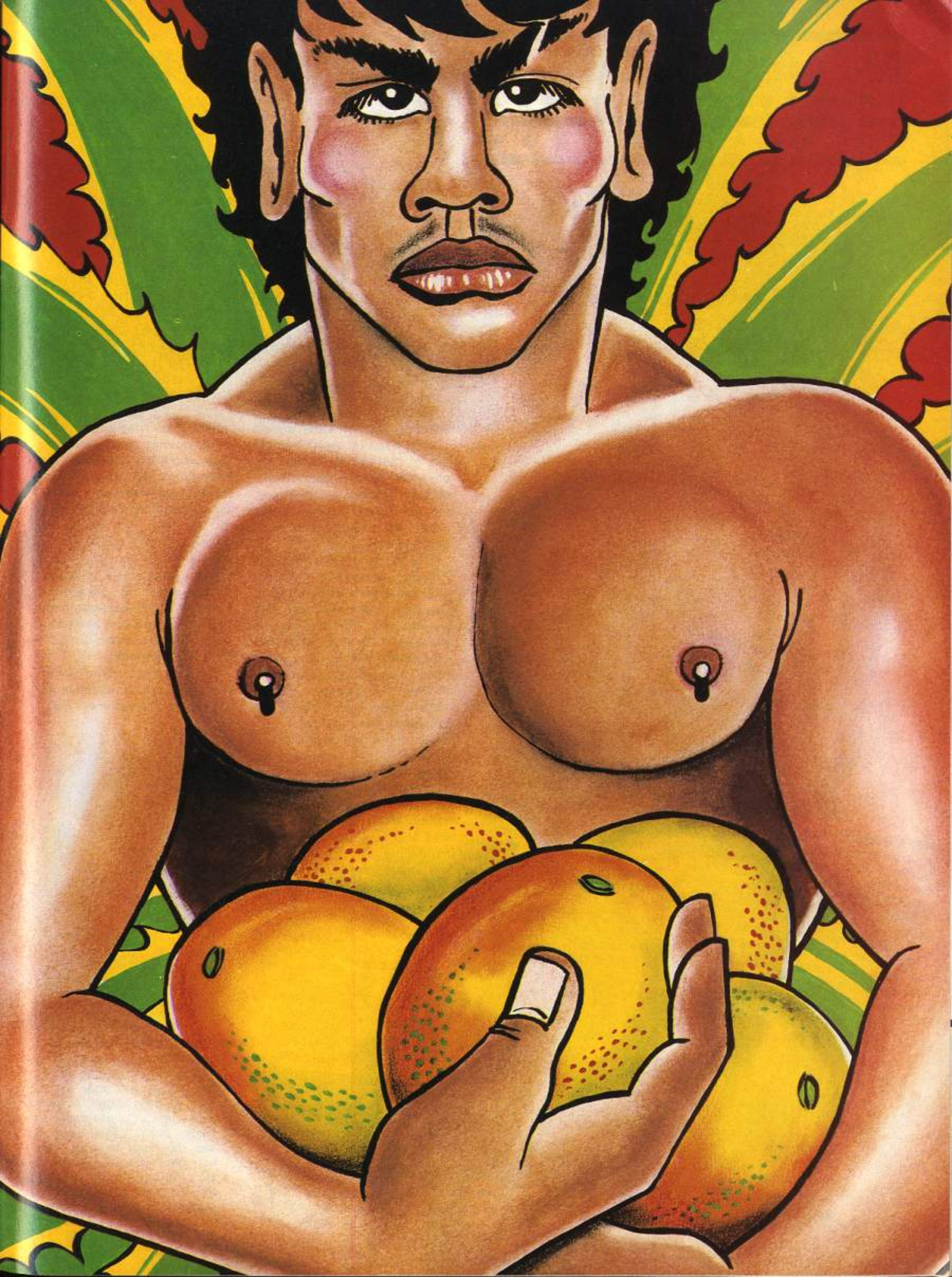
Tom said he would like to retire, wondering where in that small house he was to be put. He was led outside. Tom could see the headlines now: BUSINESSMAN ROBBED AND MURDERED BY FATHER OF TEN. They came upon a small shack next to the store. He would sleep in here, he was told. Tom thanked the merchant and went inside. It was very small. It had no lock. Tom grew paranoid again.

"Calm down, ol' buddy," he said to himself and lit a match. "Let's see where we are." He was in a storage room. In the middle of the room was an exposed bulb with a dangling cord. He pulled the cord, and the yellowed bulb lit the room dimly. Boxes were stacked to one side along with some old display stands. In the corner of the room was a mattress, cleanly sheeted,

(Continued on page 82)

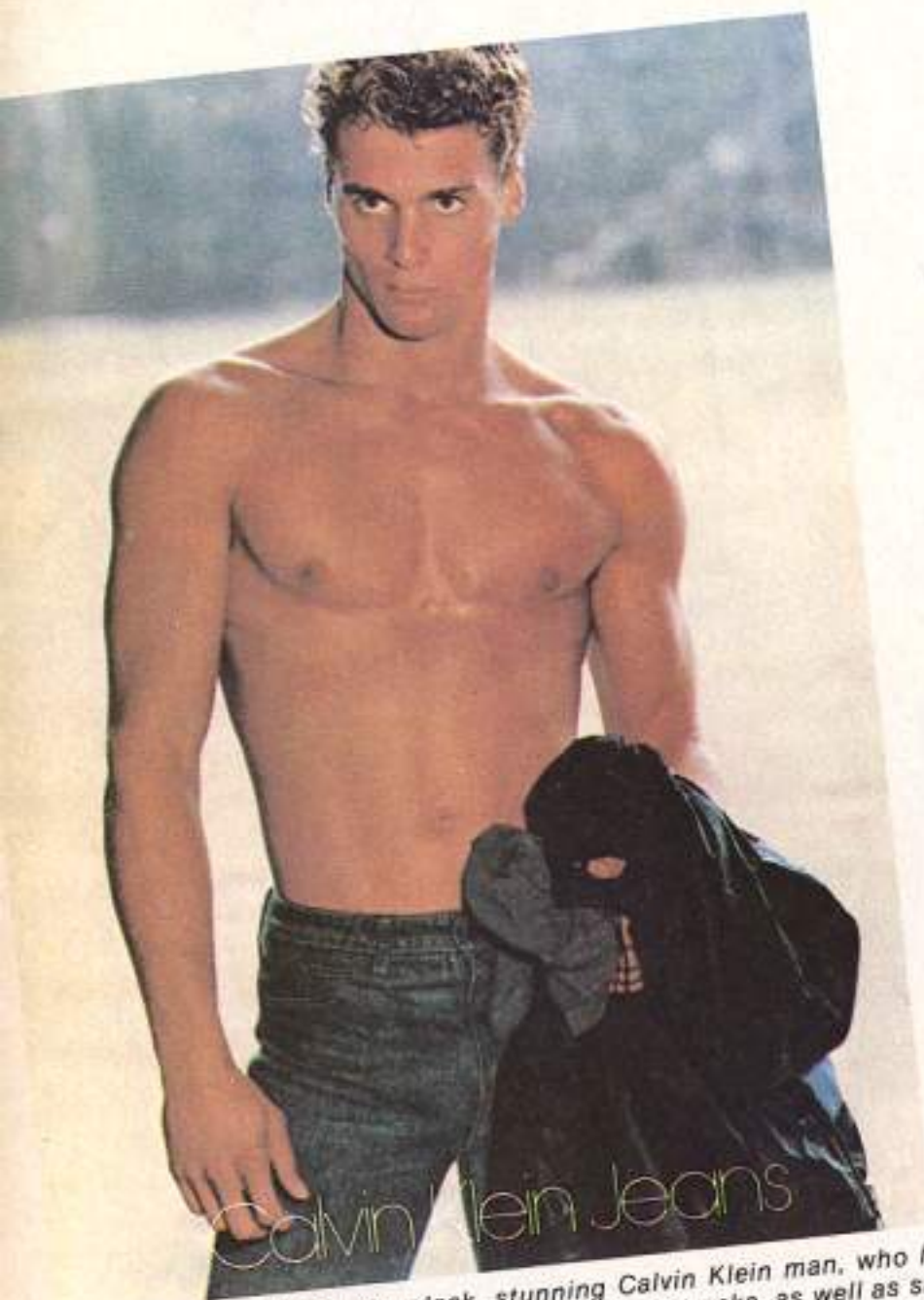
Illustration by Jerry Mills







# NAKED ON MADISON AVENUE BY ROBERT DISH



**MEET ROBERT IANUCCI**, the sleek, stunning Calvin Klein man, who has stopped more than one magazine buyer dead in his tracks, as well as slow traffic in West Hollywood where he reclines, giant-like, on a billboard. Not by accident, he is selling lots and lots of jeans for Calvin Klein (who also has the savvy to use Lolita-ish Brooke Shields in his ads, the girl who would be ruined if her Calvins could talk). Ianucci (God, look at that radiant tan!) goes to the University of Miami, where he's on the water-ski team. A discovery of eagle-eyed photographer, Bruce Weber (see Jeff Aquilon elsewhere), Ianucci is a rarity in male-modeling circles; he is one of the few men to get an exclusive account—this means that, like Lauren Hutton for Revlon, Ianucci will only be seen in Calvin Klein jeans. We'd say that's one hell of a promotion!



**O**ld news: sex sells. New news: the sex that's selling these days is no longer predominately female. Undressed men are now pushing everything from cologne to jeans to milk to stereo speakers. Whether or not we next see bikini-briefed hunks selling used cars is too soon to tell.

In the late Fifties, male models were purposely stiff, unsmiling, faceless. Once in a blue moon when an underwear ad showed skin, the genital bulge was airbrushed out of existence—even though the model had already taped down his penis and tissue-papered the area to a Ken-doll flatness. Nipples were routinely erased, even in news photos. Usually in ads no nipples showed at all because the model wore a T-shirt. Even his head was cut out of the picture to take the onus off. Women were disposable and exposable, the thinking went. Men, however, could never be caught with their pants down.

The male model in the late Fifties was the perfect clotheshanger—as opposed to the perfect clotheshorse who would come into his own in the early seventies when recognizable celebrities were used in fashion spreads. (Even if the recognizable celebs were someone as brassily festooned as Sammy Davis.)

Still male nudity had yet to surface in the seventies, despite the emergence of *Playgirl*, Burt Reynolds and a host of male exotic dancers. Prevailing Madison Avenue logic was that if a model was too handsome, he would turn off the male consumer for a variety of reasons—he would

threaten him, look gay or both.

Then suddenly with the dawn of the 1980s, the onus was off. Why? We can only conjecture: 85% of all consumers are women; perhaps the use of a naked man to sell women's jeans to women was seen as sound a strategy as cutie-pie blondes selling racy sport cars to men. But what about all the colognes and jeans that are directed at straight men? What happened to the old bugaboo? Are men finally at peace with their sexual identity? Is homophobia losing its grip? Or is this just wishful thinking?

What is undeniable is that male nudity in the year 1980 had the right combination of shock and chic to sell status items like designer jeans. Good-looking men with developed chests and pert, tanned buns no longer threatened a vast majority of urbane Americans, who had tightened up their own act during the physical-fitness mania of the late seventies and saw no particular challenge in billboards displaying big beefcake. Rather than being threatened, they may now be perceiving these beautiful men as comfortable role models.

Here we see some of the more spectacular examples of the recent phenomenon. ■■



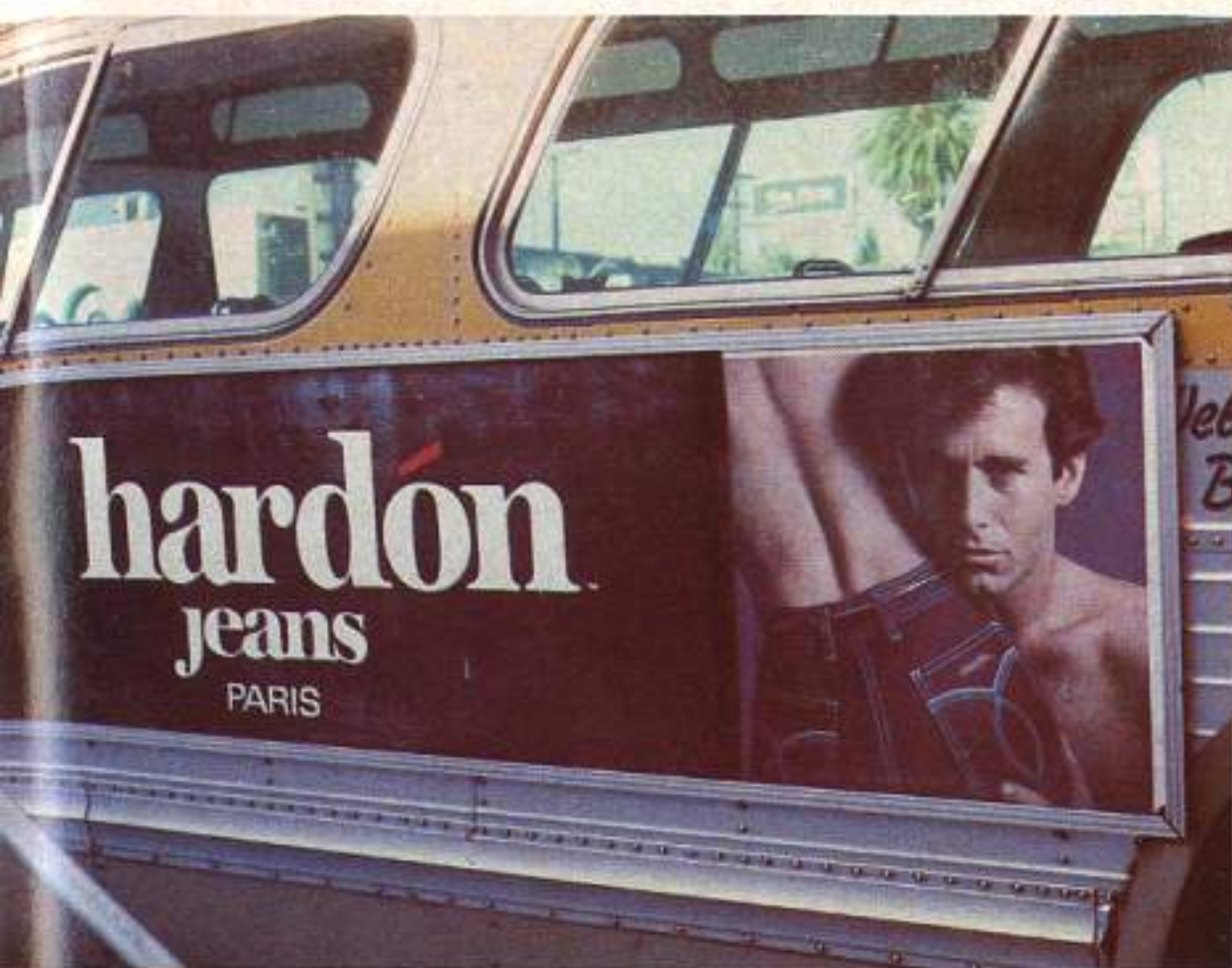
**JOE NAKASH**, founder of Jordache jeans, knew a hot marketing trend when he saw one. His hunch was that the best way to sell jeans to women was with a photograph of a hunky man: "The ladies will see the most beautiful guy. I just have to take his shirt off. He's going to be beautiful, lots of hair. It's going to be successful." It was success-



**TALK ABOUT SUBLIMINAL** advertising! Here we see the handywork of L.A. pranksters who know it's not nice to f--- Mother Nature. First of all, there is no accent in French over the "o." We suspect this was a clever way of separating the word into "hard-on," with the capital "C" as so much filler. Why else would the juxtapose face to ground Chardon jeans takes male nudity to the next level, Freudian one.

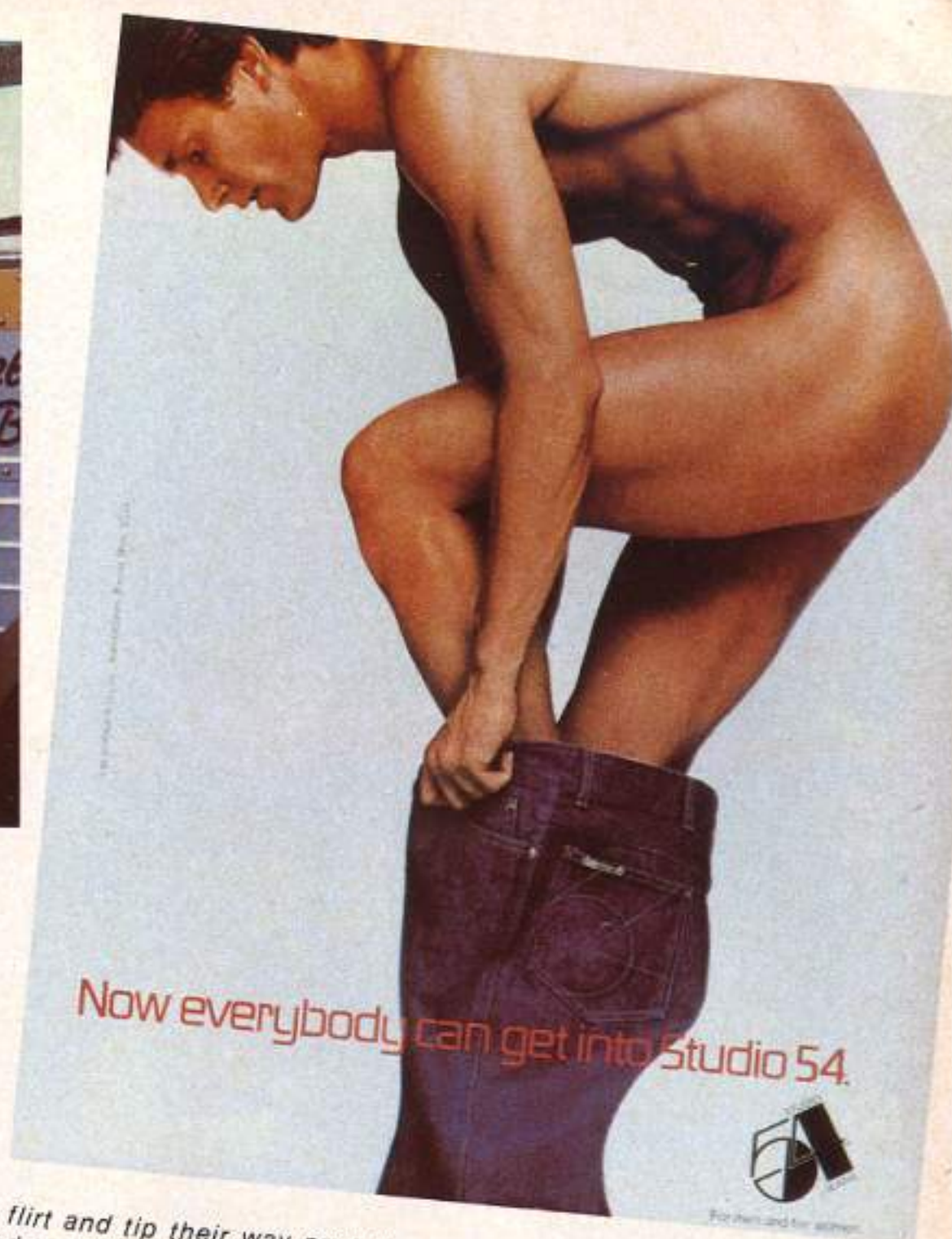
ful. Nakash made his ads heavy on beefcake and placed them in women's magazines. "We got letters from all over the country. It picked up sales like crazy." The Jordache man, by the way, is Jack Scala, a Ford Agency model who is also quite prominent—if you know what we mean—in recent *Eminence* underwear ads.





**TALK ABOUT SUBLIMINAL** advertising! Here we see the handywork of L.A. pranksters who know it's not nice to fool Mother Nature. First of all, there is no accent in French over the "o." We suspect this was a clever way of separating the word into "hard-on," with the capital "C" as so much filler. Why else would the ad juxtapose face to groin. Chardon jeans takes male nudity to the next level, the Freudian one.

**THIS AD** gets our award for truth in advertising. Like it says, it was easier to get into the jeans than into the disco nightclub the jeans were named after, Studio 54, the (primarily gay) playground of Liza and Truman and Andy and Raquel and all the New Yorkers who could sparkle,



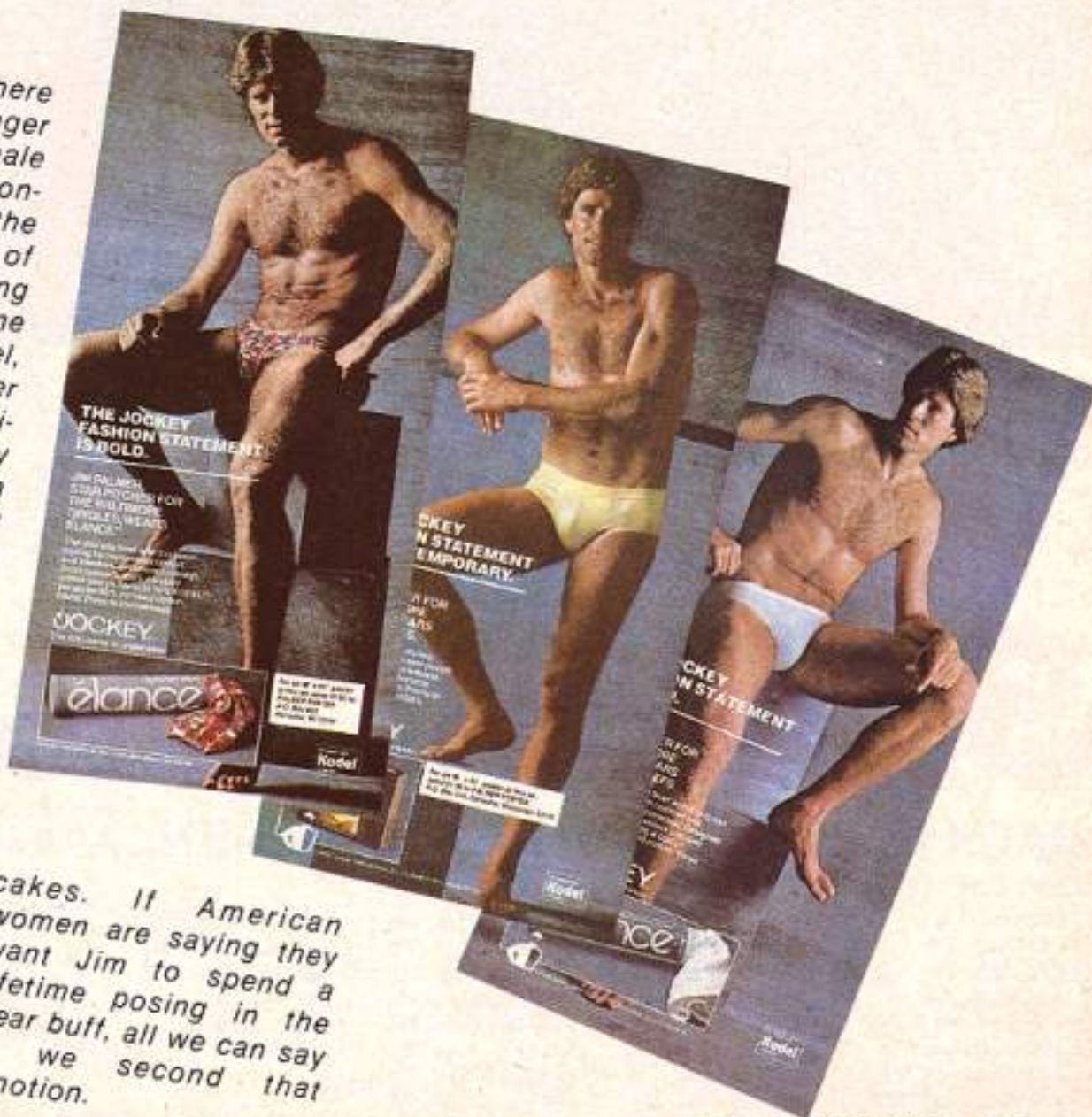
flirt and tip their way past the doorman—until that dreadful, dreadful, dreadful cocaine bust shut the whole circus down. We do not know how many jeans this gentleman in

his birthday suit did or did not sell. We do know, however, that the guy was quite successful in selling himself. Posters were mail-ordered for a dollar per.



**THE JURY** is in. If there need be any stronger evidence that the male pinup has arrived, consider this: Due to the national exposure of this ad in everything from People magazine to Newsweek, its model, Jim Palmer, the pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles, was mobbed by hundreds of women (and we suspect a few guys) in a Chicago shopping mall where he was due to tape a talk show. One woman was reported to have screamed "Grab his underwear!" and the now-famous maul in the mall was on. Often now when the star baseball player is asked for his autograph, it is by a woman who wants him to sign a pair of Jockey shorts. In no time at all, Jockey marketed posters of Palmer, which sold like beef-

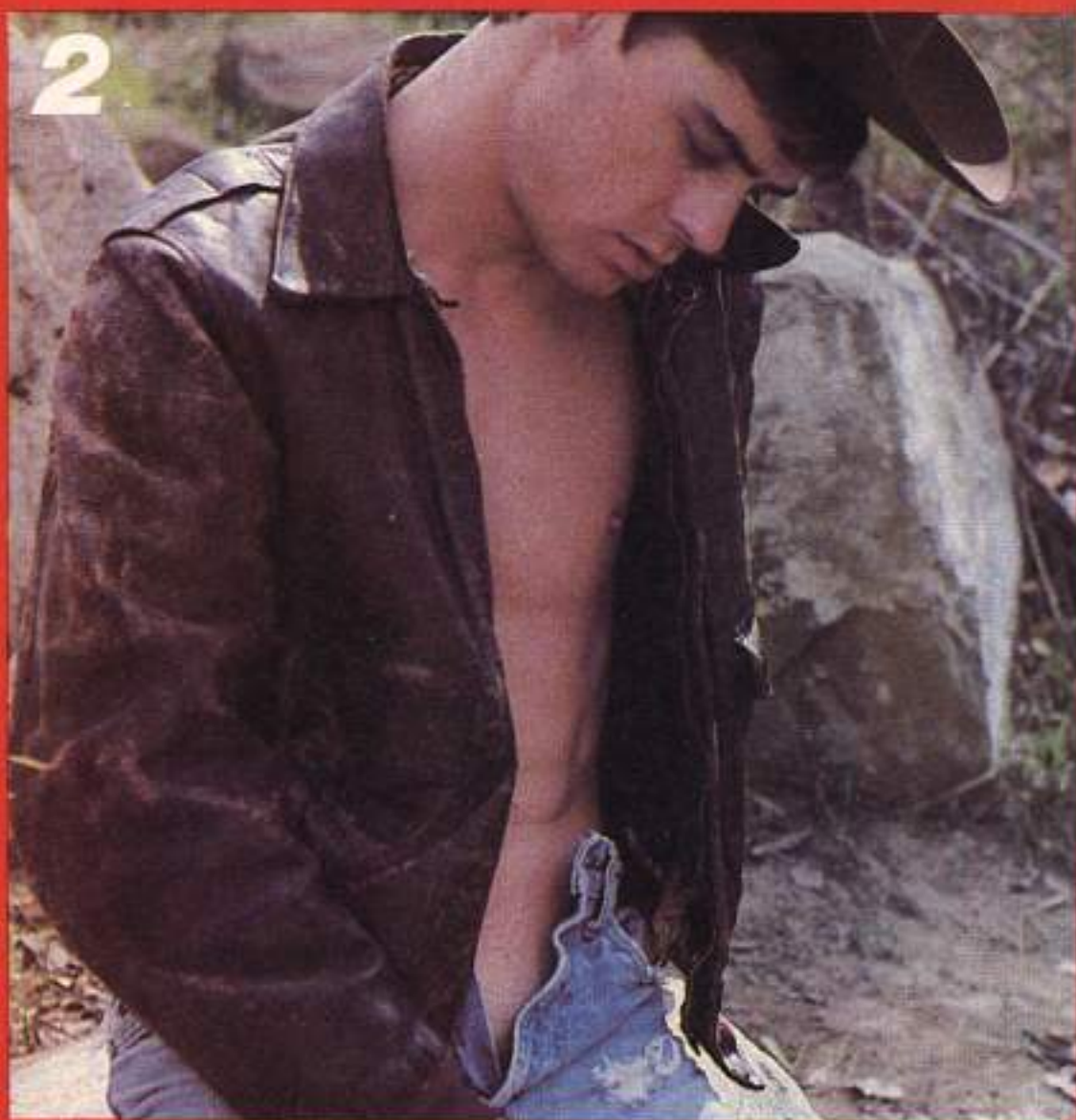
cakes. If American women are saying they want Jim to spend a lifetime posing in the near buff, all we can say is we second that emotion.





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## 2) TOO HOT TO HANDLE #11

The IN TOUCH models really get it up, in photos that were too hot and horny for IN TOUCH to print! This latest edition features Kevin Meurnier, Jeff Wells, Jake Burnett, Steve Espie, Blake Palmer, Brian Scott and Frank Williams. All photos, adults only!

## 3) IN HEAT #10

The latest edition in this fine series of adult male erotica, featuring couples and solos in hard-action sessions which were too explicit to publish in IN TOUCH. Page after page of men who are just itching to give you what you want, showing it all in one wild, explosive photo after another. Adults only!

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MY HARDWARE AROMA &  
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LUV ALL MY HOT, MEATY  
LE SALON MACHOMAGS!  
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STRAP 2



STRAP 3



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| <input type="checkbox"/> STRAP 3            | <input type="checkbox"/> SIERRA DOMINO     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEN OF WESTERN MAN | <input type="checkbox"/> FORCE 1           |
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Offer void in Texas & Tenn. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Calif. resi-  
dents add 6% sales tax. Store/mail order inquiries invited.

When visiting San Francisco, stop by our store at 1118 Polk  
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Nieuwendijk No. 20 with its hot backroom cinema.



## NAKED ON MADISON AVENUE

(Continued)



WHEN THIS PHOTO of cult fashion model, Jeff Aquilon, was run as part of a fashion spread in New York's SoHo News, advertisers threatened to withdraw their accounts. Was it the robe, the underwear, the wool socks? Or just the beautiful stretch of swimmer body? (Aquilon was on the swim team at Pepperdine University when he was discovered by photographer Bruce Weber.) Weber, who took the photo above (and who is the man who, intentionally or not, has made Gentlemen's Quarterly the covert little hotbed of erotica that it is) was amazed by the reaction and tends to think what really riled prudes was the fact that the bedsheets were rumpled. "How can you say," asks Weber, "that a picture of a man who is very

handsome, lying in a bed that is totally torn apart—you can see the mattress ticking—looking as if he's just made love with somebody or like he couldn't sleep all night—how can you call that pornographic? He's lying there in his underwear all curled up. That's the way we all sleep. How wonderful it would be after years of seeing girls in underwear in Cosmopolitan, in Vogue to show a guy in underwear and to make the picture not 'Oh, there's that guy, he's so plastic,' but more like 'It wouldn't be so bad to know this guy.' I wanted to show him the same way photographers have shown girls for years."

WE DON'T KNOW what the copy means either. (Reader speculation is invited.) All we know is that when we tried to lasso the ad agency for Eminence on the phone, it was a showdown at the not-so-O.K. Corral. Like their cowboy model, they gave us a poker face and said they t'weren't talkin' to no gay magazine. We hope gay consumers will remember that.

WHAT FAMOUS COWBOY HORSES AROUND IN FRENCH BRIEFS?



America's most wanted hombres wear the Eminence brand, 100% soft, smooth, imported cotton that rides low on the hip, in a wide range of colors (white, too). Eminence French Briefs. Tailored for the world's best undressed men.

**Eminence**  
PARIS





**HOW FAR** has male nudity gone? Well, this guy's body is a nice place to visit and we certainly wouldn't mind living there, but what does it have to do with stereo speakers? When we think of performance in the bedroom, make-out music is not exactly the first thing that comes to mind. Let's face it, hearing every nuance of the bongo solos on our Judy albums has absolutely nada to do with whether we are giving as good as we are getting or just walking through the scene. Anyway, here we see the skin trend getting a little out of hand—and you know what they say, idle hands are the devil's workshop. More, more, more.

**TALK ABOUT OBSCENE** phone calls! The copy for this men's cologne is enough to make you run under a cold shower. The glossy girl-copy, pioneered by the Story of O and domesticated by what was once the chicest men's magazine, *Oui*, has finally hit the male market—but with the twist that it's being applied to a man, rather than to a pouty little French chick. Ad execs are of two minds on the use of erotica in their campaigns. One camp argues that it distracts from the product. The other camp says to sell certain products you must sell a mood, a notion that seems sound when the product is something as ephemeral as a cologne scent. Definitely, few readers, male or female, gay or straight, will quickly forget the little skin flick of the mind described in this stylish Paco Rabanne ad.

Hello?  
You were.  
And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?  
Six-thirty. You looked like a coped Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had scribbled your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.  
I miss you already.  
You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?  
Why?  
I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne cologne.  
What on earth are you going to do with it... give it to a secret lover you've got stashed away in San Francisco?  
I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you... and last night.  
Do you know what your voice is doing to me?  
You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?  
My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.



Paco Rabanne  
A cologne for men  
What is remembered is up to you

Will you still respect your speakers in the morning?



Sure, they sounded great last night. But the real test of a speaker system is the morning after.

Will your speakers sweeten your morning coffee with Vivids, or will they make you wish you'd never turned your stereo on?

Do your speakers make you glad you're alive, or do they serve only to remind you of last night's excesses?

Some speakers are impressive when played loudly. But a truly great speaker is equally, if not more, impressive at low listening levels. "Loud" is desirable at times, but a speaker to be lived with must do much more.

For years, and without fanfare, ADS has been building monitor speaker systems for some of the most demanding sound engineers in the music industry. ADS technology is uniquely able to accommodate their diverse and challenging re-

quirements. This same technology, not surprisingly, produces some of the finest speaker systems available for home use.

The new ADS L730, for example, is a direct outgrowth of ADS' continuing involvement in digital recording technology. An unusual combination of extended fre-

quency range, uncanny sonic accuracy, razor-sharp stereo imaging and true-to-life dynamic range, the L730 delivers unrivaled musical performance. Although the system is capable of shaking walls with clean, undistorted sound, you'll appreciate it most on those mornings when quality counts more than quantity.

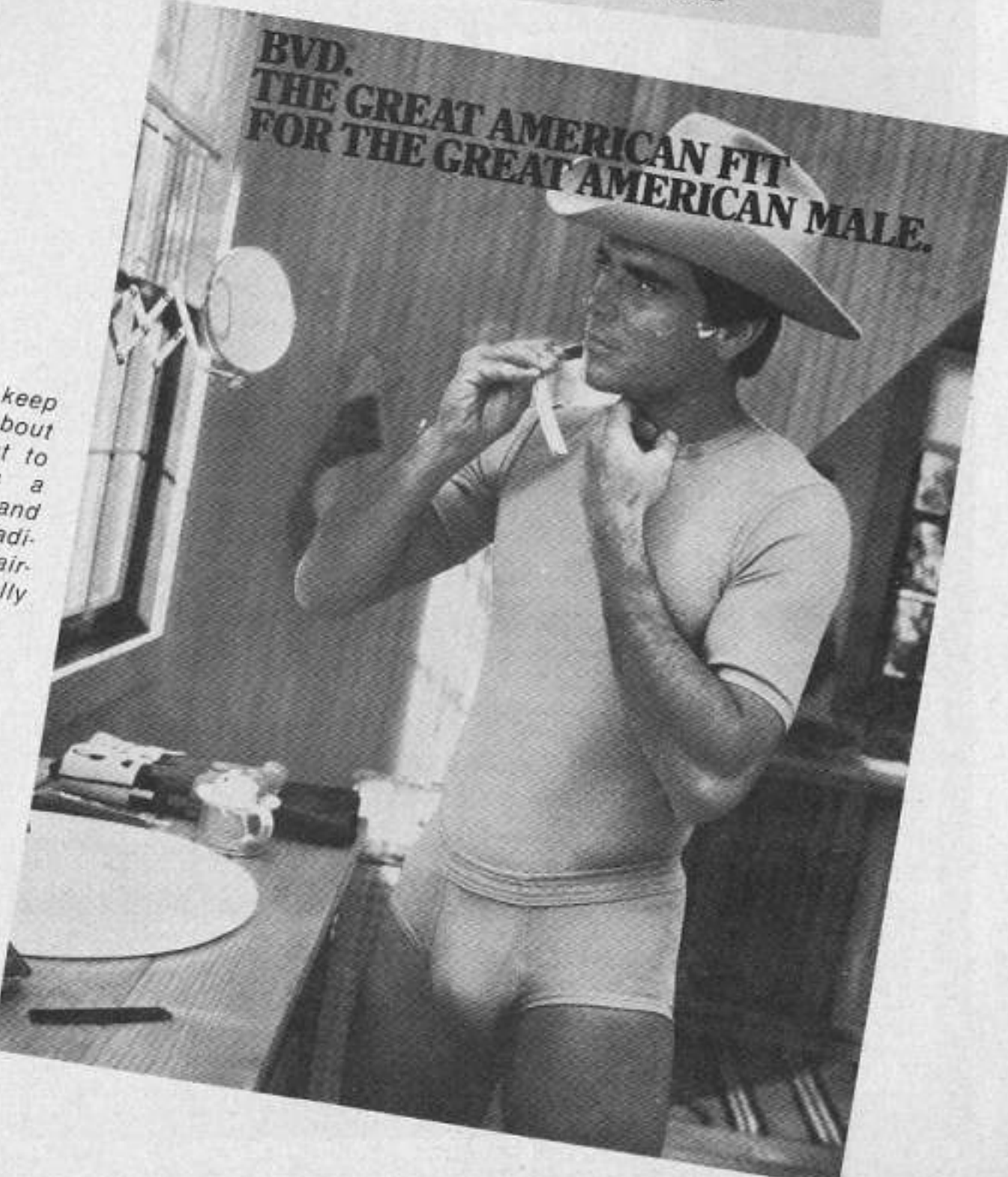
The L730 is only one of many ADS speakers, all meticulously engineered and superbly crafted. Your ADS dealer will be happy to help you select the model which best suits your purposes. For more information and the name of the ADS dealer nearest you, please write ADS, Dept. GD-3, or call 1-800-854-7888 (California 1-800-852-7777) toll free and ask for Operator 483.



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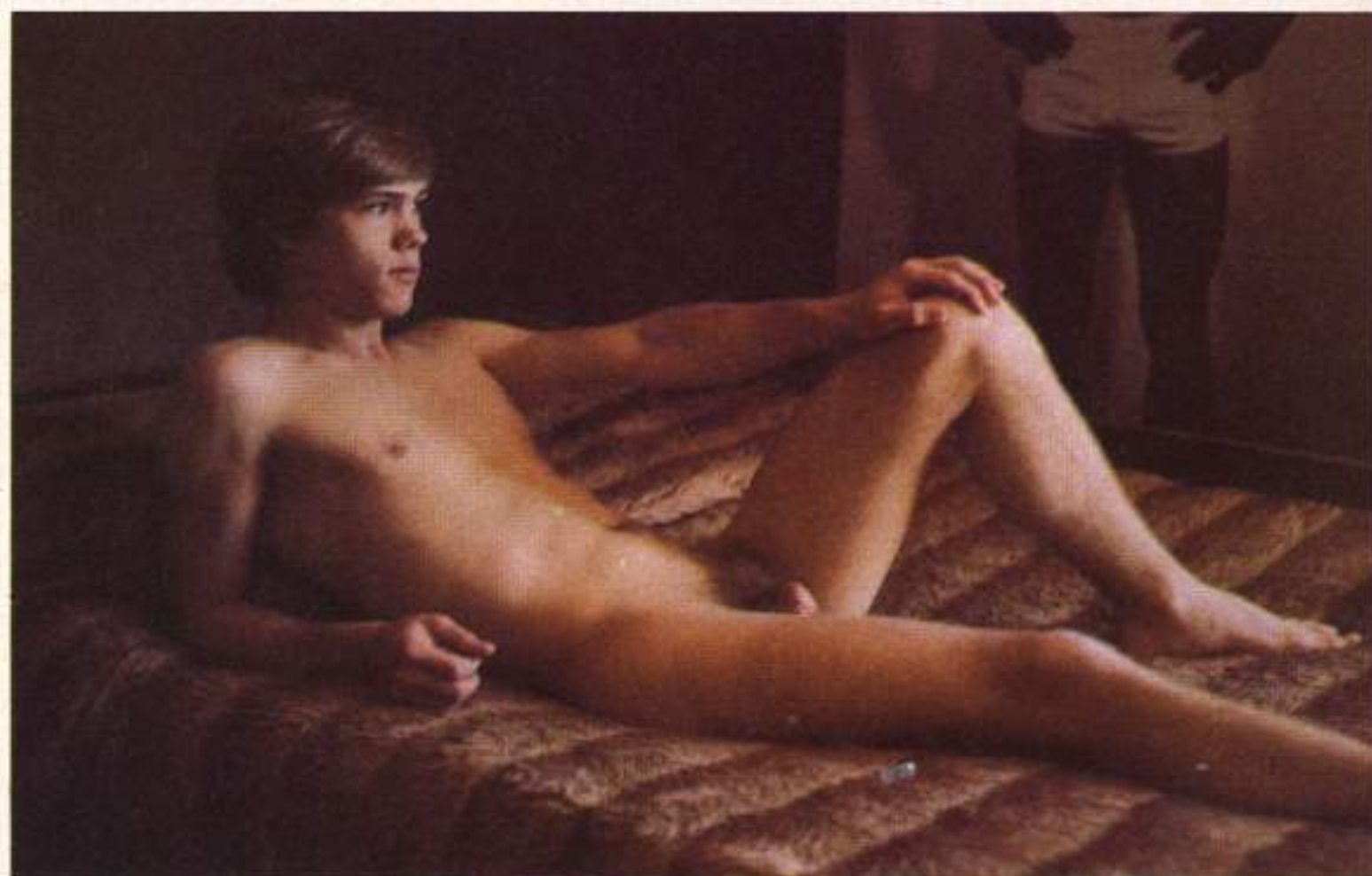
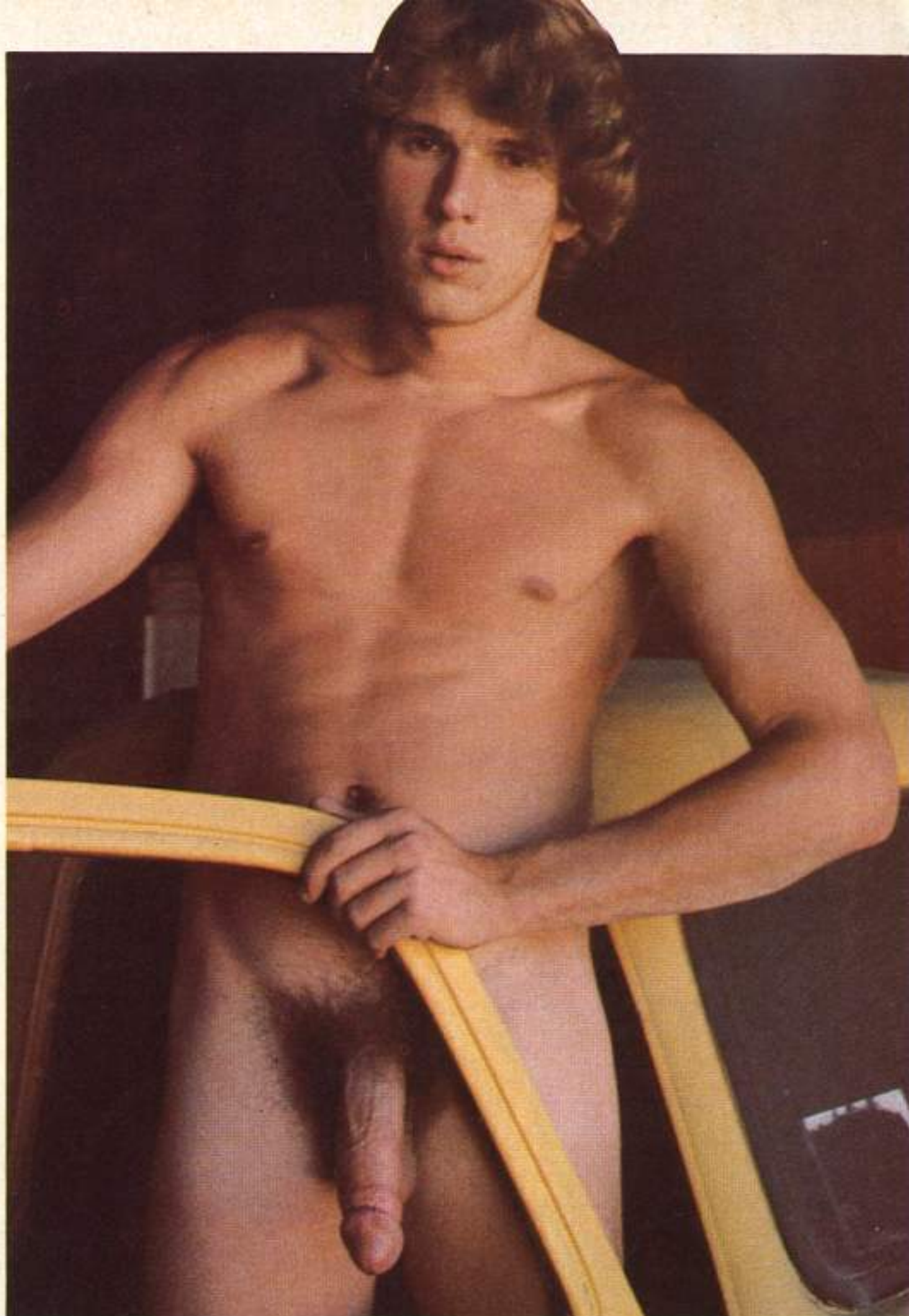


# 1980 MEN

## *A photographic retrospective*

Here are the IN TOUCH boys of 1980 back for a repeat performance. 1980 was a special year for us. We reached our 50th issue, quite an accomplishment in the magazine business, especially since we were the first slick magazine for gay men. You, of course, made this possible and we thank you. Here then are some of the boys who helped get us through the night, our men of 1980.

**COLLECTORS:** Each model is followed by the issue number of IN TOUCH and TOO HOT TO HANDLE (TH) he was in. For info on how to order back issues, turn to page 68.



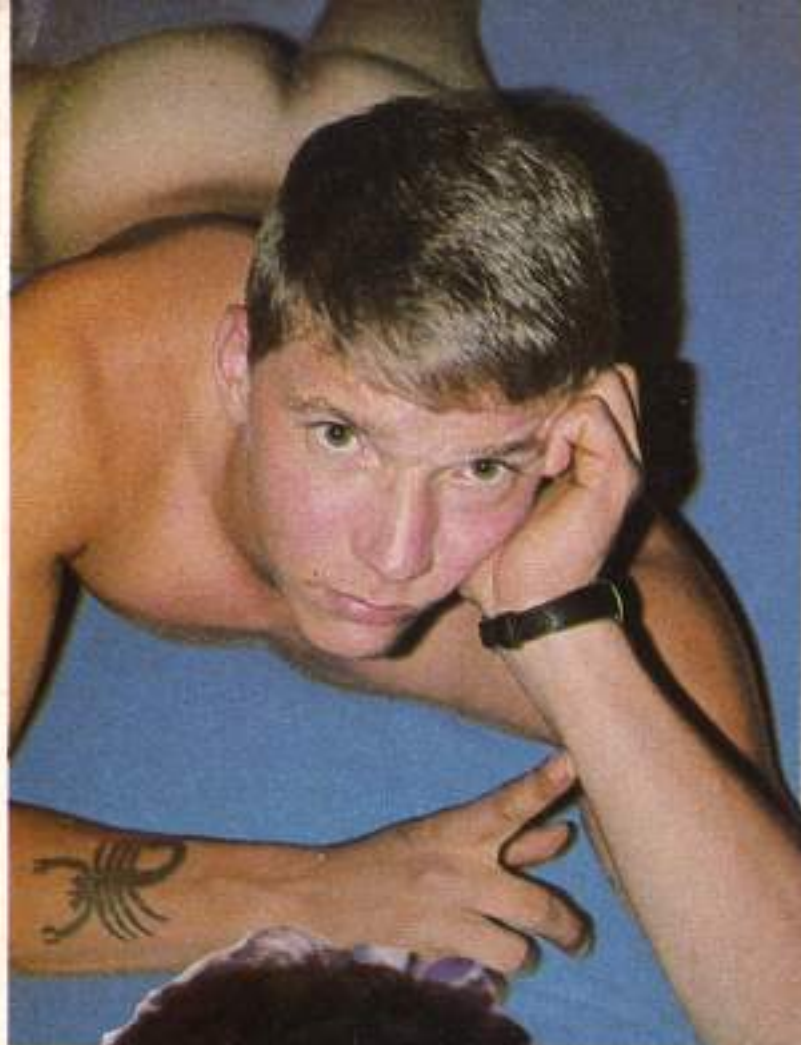
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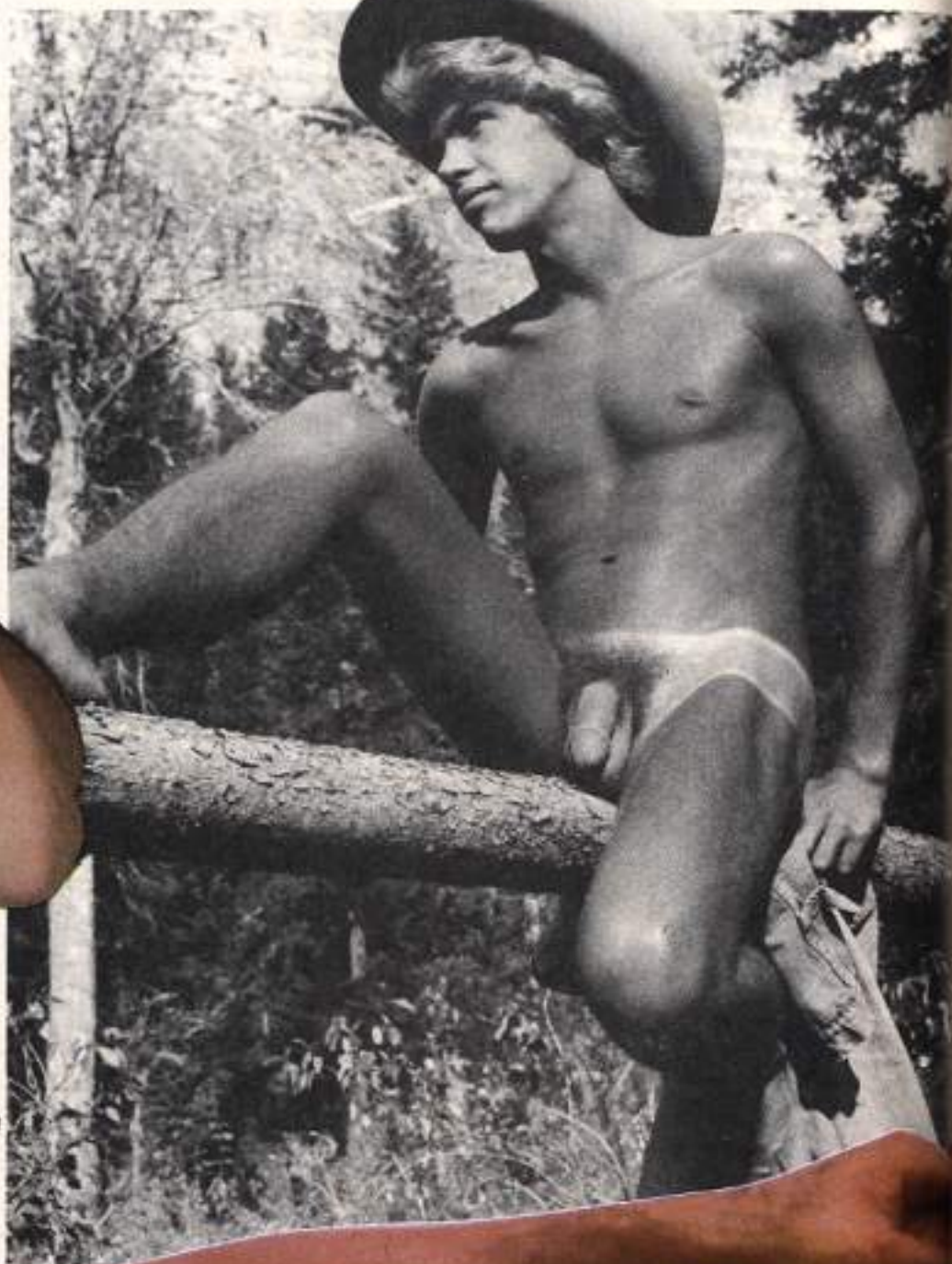
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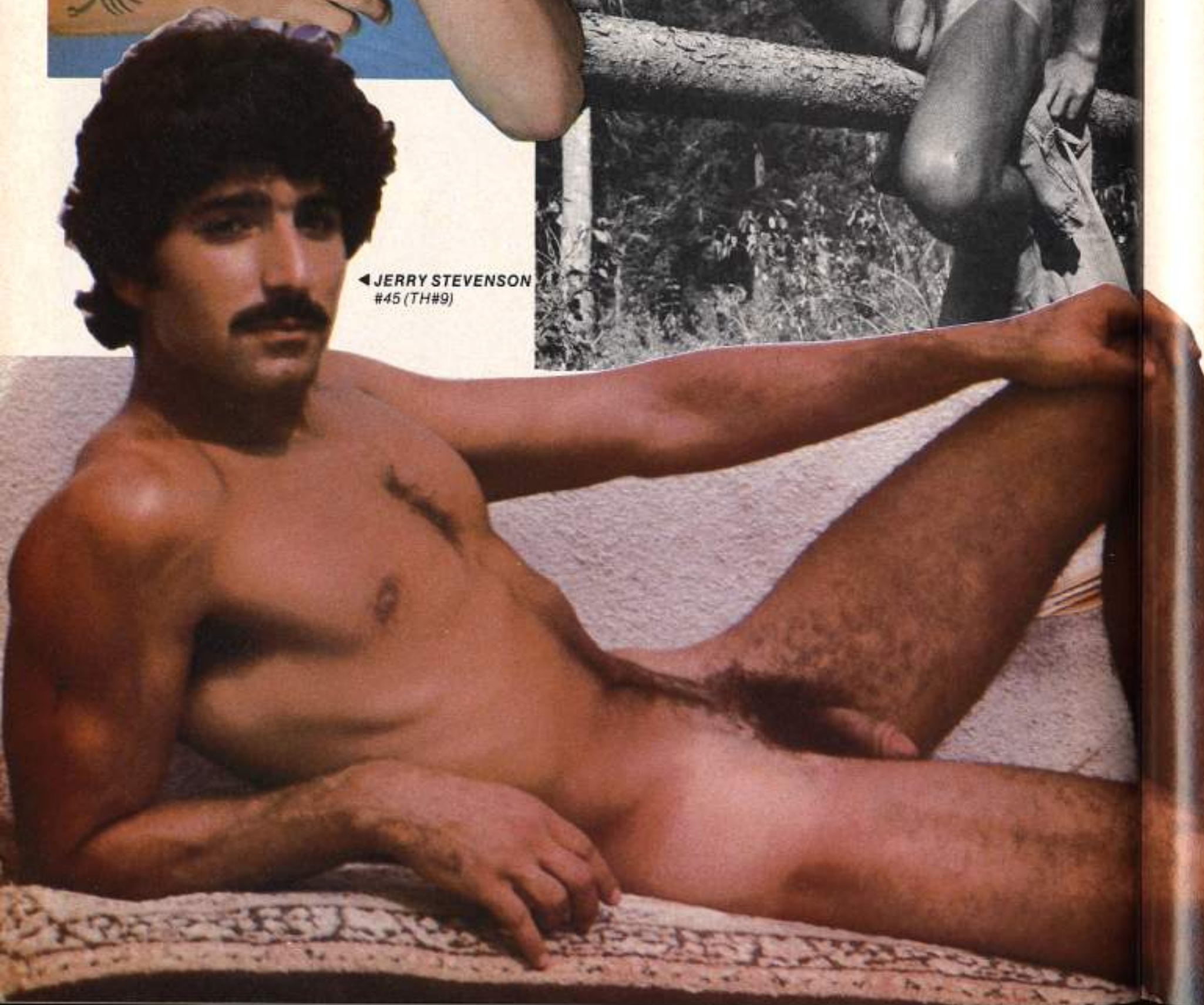


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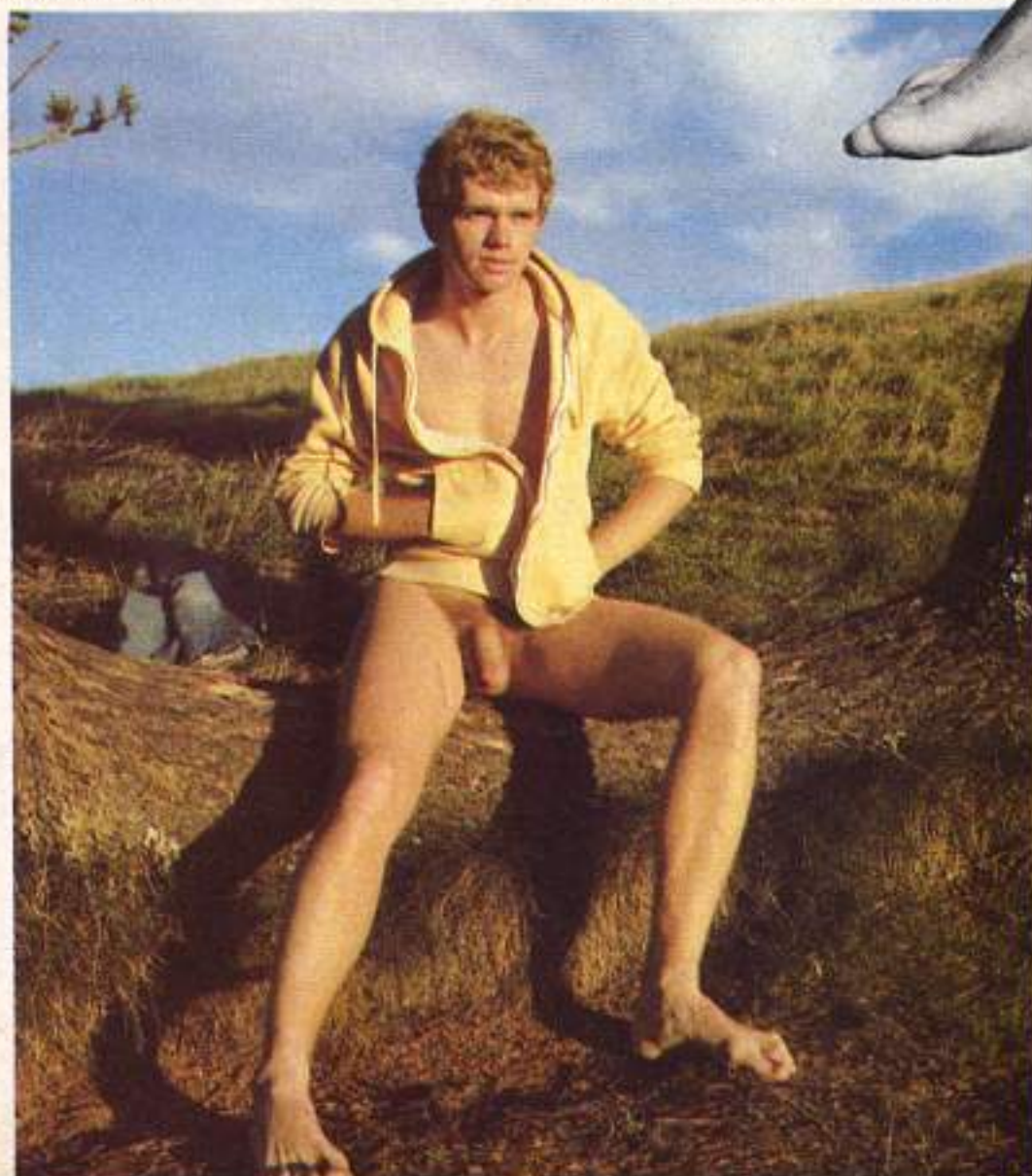




▼ DAMIEN D'MARIO #47 (TH#9)

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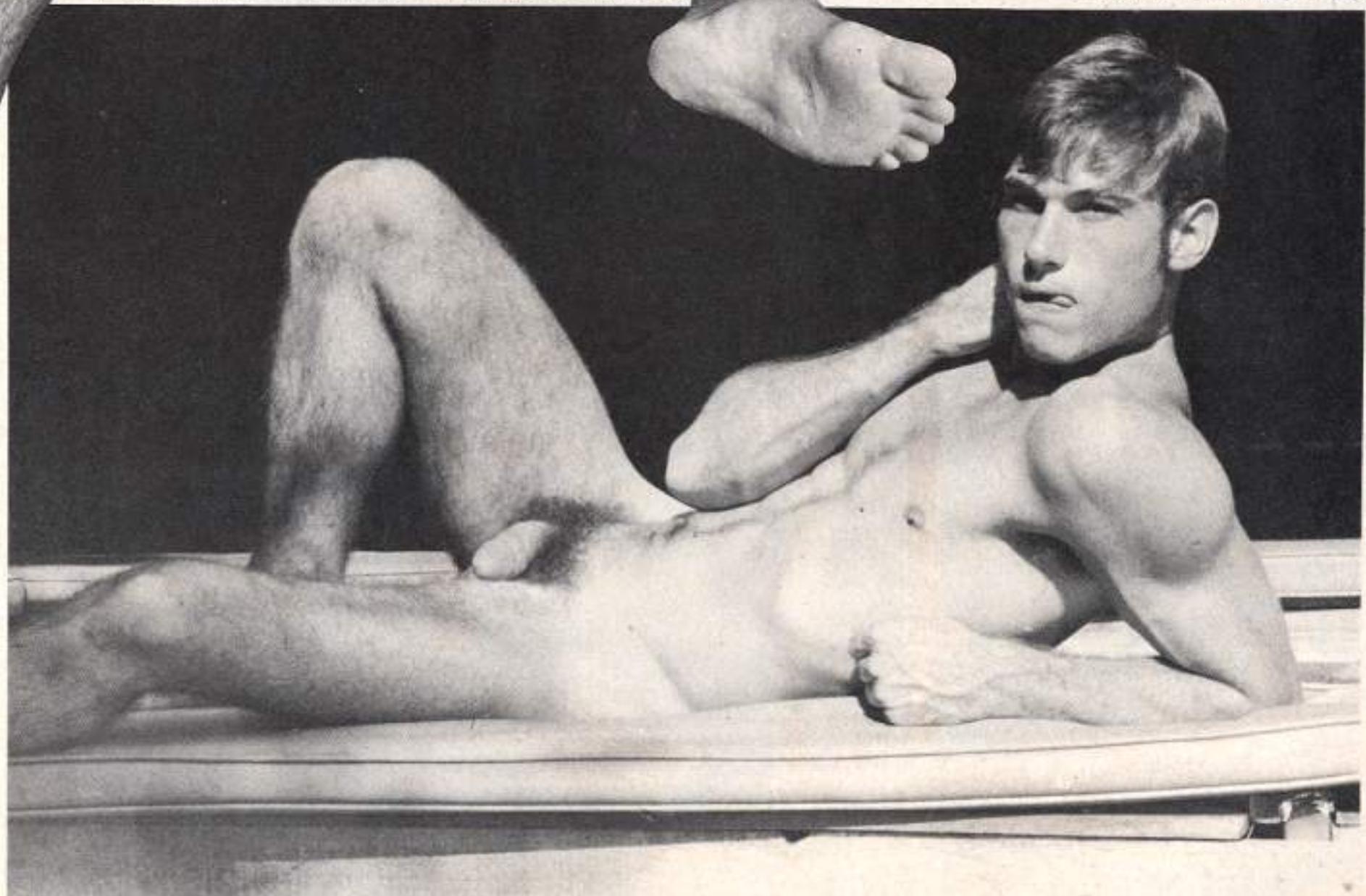
#47 (TH#9)



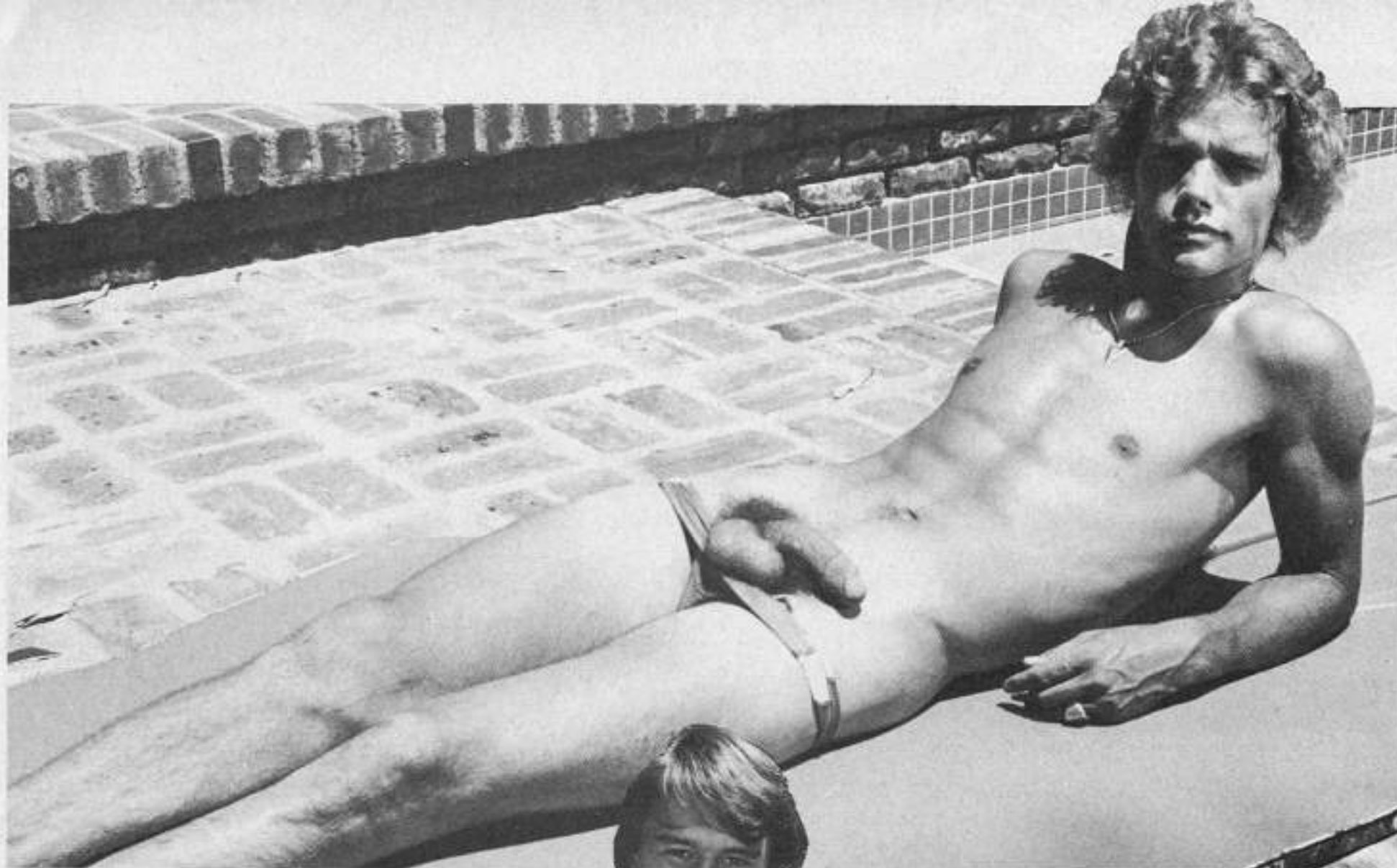
▼ TODD BROCKE #49 (TH#10) ▲ ALAN DAVIS #47 (TH#9)



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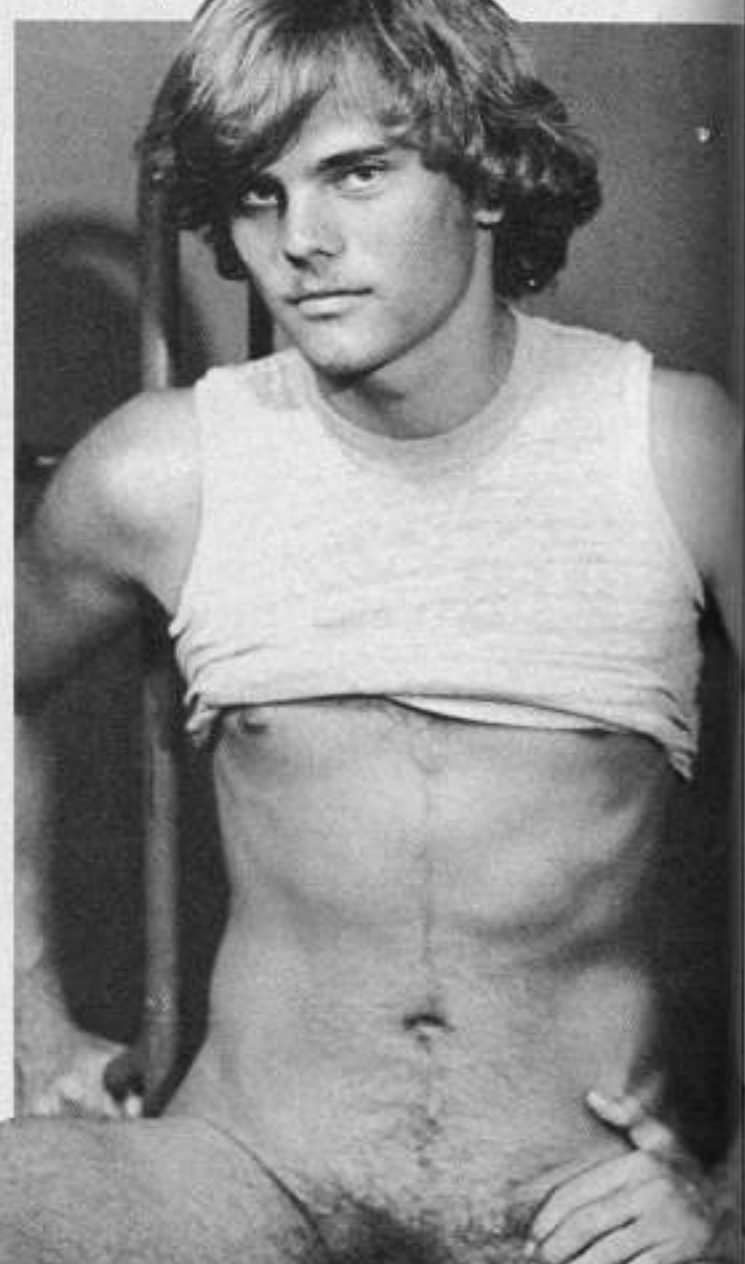


▲ KIP NOLL #46 (TH#9)

◀ STEVE ESPIE #50 (TH#11)

▼ FRANK WILLIAMS #50 (TH#11)

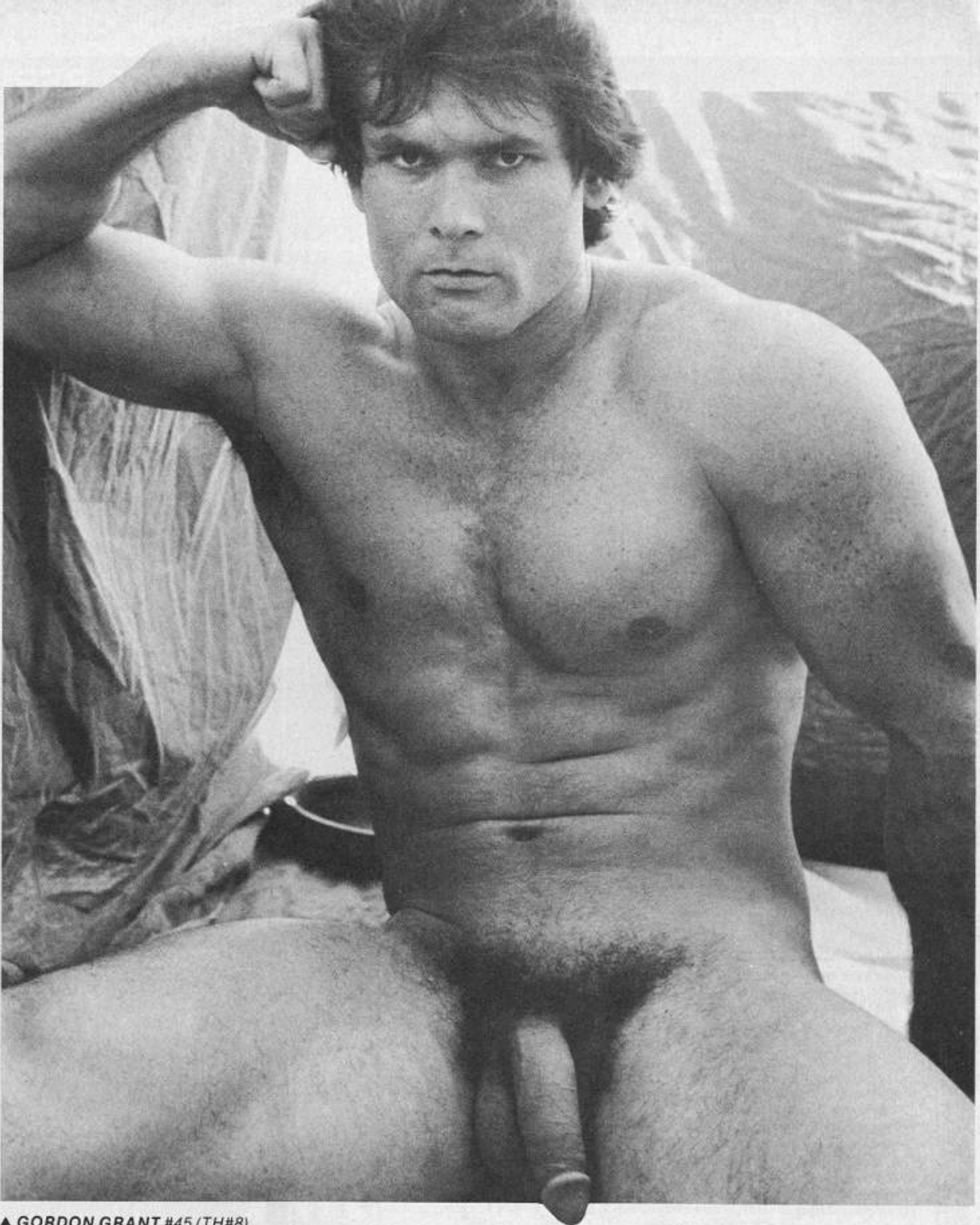
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O.K. Now you've seen the whole show. We'd like to know who was your favorite man of the year. Also, who was your all-

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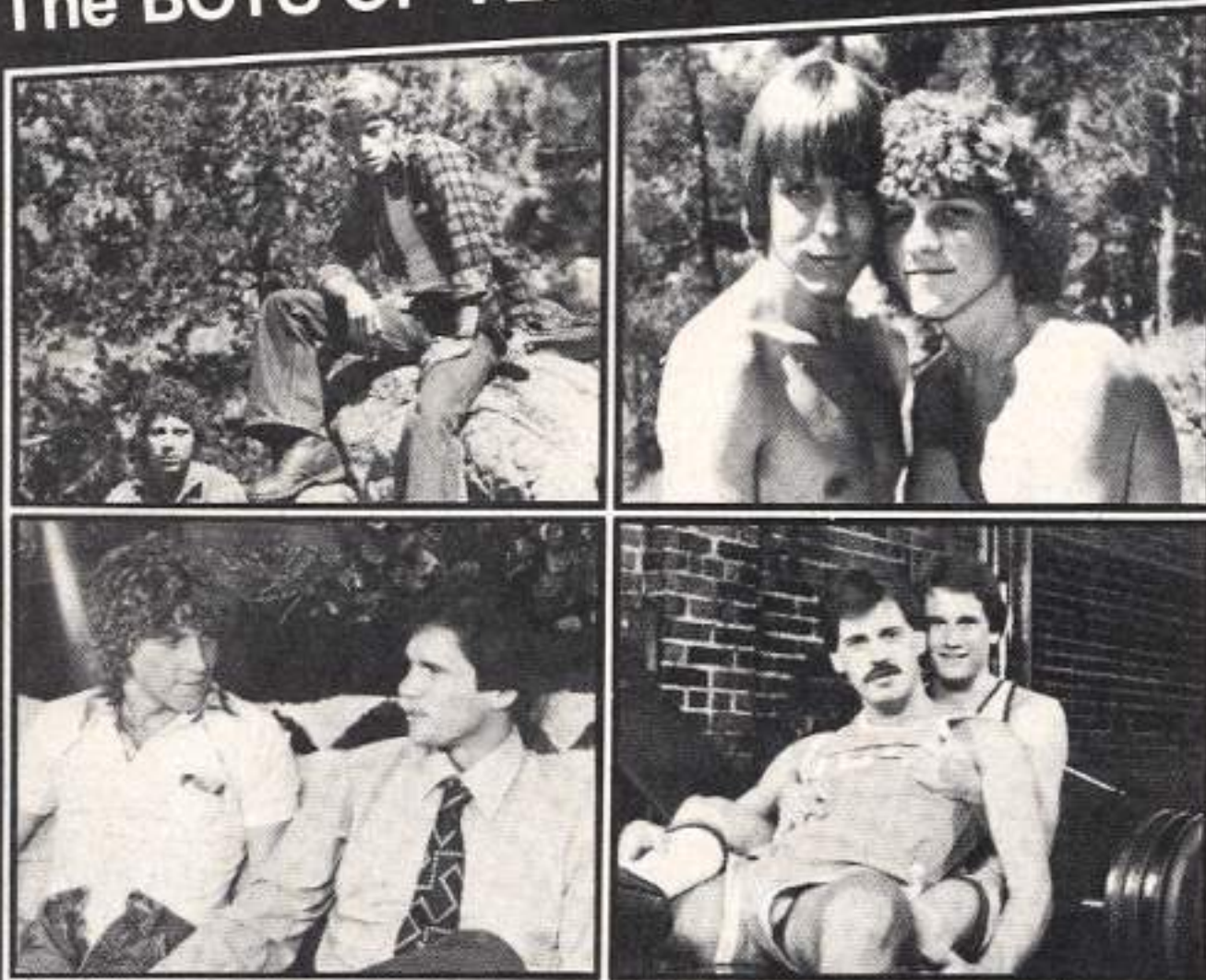


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## Souvenir of Mexico

(Continued from page 64)

with storage boxes by it, serving as a nightstand. Above the mattress, tacked to the walls, baseball pennants were hung along with *Playboy* centerfolds. This must be Guillermo's room, Tom thought. The poor kid must be sleeping with his brother and sisters because of Tom's overnight stay. He could see them all scrunched up together like a row of enchiladas.

Tom noted with amusement that all the selected Playmates were blonde. Blonde hair really knocked them out down here. Nothing had made him more conscious of being blond than his sidetrips through Mexican towns, where children swamped him in the streets, standing out as he did like a beacon among the throngs of dark people. Young girls blushed; men hard-eyed him.

He stripped completely and lay on the bed. Jeez, it's so hot, he thought, even at night. The sky was electric blue out the make-shift window, and there was a sliver of a moon. The tequila buzzed in his brain and the thick perfume of the Copa d'Oro blossom was omnipresent. The scent wrapped itself around and underlined the damp scent Guillermo had left on the pillow, a scent sweet in its own way.

One of the *Playboy* girls smiled perkily down at Tom. He fingered his privates and considered jacking off. He remembered

now that in the pocket of his jacket was the mango the boy had given him. The jacket was in the car, and Tom drunkenly wondered if he should get up, get dressed, get it and eat it. Funny thing, he wasn't all that hungry really, it was just that...

He fell into a fevered sleep.

Linda was there beside him, and she touched her fingers to his parted lips.

"*Que lindo!*" Children swamping him in the streets, telling him "how beautiful" his hair was. "*Que lindo.*" It wasn't a child's voice now.

Linda's fingers travelled down the cleft in his chin to the cleft between his pecs, brushed his nipples lightly; they hardened. Her fingers continued, following the trail of gold hairs to his genitals. His penis unfurled.

He saw a Copa d'Oro blossom unfurl. It was breathing hotly in his ear. "*Que lindo.*"

His penis hardened; his testicles tightened. He became semiconscious. A spider was crawling across his head. He rolled over and slapped it away, but what he slapped was not a spider at all. It was the warm, human hand of Guillermo.

"*Que lindo,*" Guillermo said. The boy was naked, aroused and kneading Tom's hair. He was too excited to stop. "*Que lindo.*" he moaned. His eyes ached. Boldly the tarantula fingers again transversed the golden path of hairs, down, down, down, finding the object they sought. Tom was

completely focused on his stiff, buoyant cock. It had become the veined vessel into which all the trip's intoxications had poured, had boiled and boiled and now bubbled over with lubricants. His dick was fairly glowing with anticipation. Tom took a back seat to it and decided to let whatever happened happen.

Guillermo gathered the pre-cum and spread it like a wet veil over the reddened tip of Tom's dick. He spit in his hand and wiped it all over the shaft, making it slip and slide rapidly in his hand. Without thinking about it, Tom ran his hand up Guillermo's silk-smooth chest, locked around his neck and drew him down. Tom had never done anything by halves; he kissed the boy fully on the lips.

As fair and furry as Tom's body was, Guillermo's was dark and hairless. The boy's body was hot to the touch. Tom explored him in a southerly direction. He entered from the top of the elastic-banded jockey underwear, found Guillermo's enormous member and drew it out through its envelope of skin. It was sort of thrilling, Tom thought below the level of conscious thought, thrilling to hold it. Guillermo closed his eyes and sucked air through his teeth. Tom couldn't take it much longer. Gently, awkwardly, persistently he maneuvered the boy into position. Clumsily, he fingered the buttocks, soft and firm at the same time, but as soon as he entered with his finger, the boy pulled his hand away.



  
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Clearly, he did not want to be fucked; he made it evident that the opposite would please him more.

He locked Tom in with a hooded stare, worked his lips until a ball of saliva emerged, and spit it into his hand. He slicked down his dick and with the other hand probed the area under Tom's testicles, tracing the furry seam to the blond man's anal opening. Tom imagined that he knew what was about to happen and steeled himself for the penetration. It made him think of sports, no gain without pain, roughhousing with the boys in the locker room, flick that towel between those balls, and the time the coach wanted to prove a point and told him and Smitty to tighten up their armor-like abdominals, and then the coach socked the shit out of them. "It makes you hard," the coach had said with that crazy fun look of the flat-top ex-Marine. And Smitty had crumbled, hauled ass into the Boy's Room and heaved his guts out. But Tom had psyched himself for it, felt the same way as Smitty for sure, but was steeled to it, wouldn't let go, wouldn't spill his guts.

Tom was in an almost upright position, on his knees on the bed, with the boy bear-hugging him from behind. Tom felt the probing, the pressure, the pushing—and then something he had not expected: The pleasure! The pounding kept pounding him, setting up a rhythm of pounding, a world of pounding, and he was being

washed away with it. It makes you hard, he thought. And he shot a load in high, sudden arcs.

And now, a few moments behind him, the boy was climaxing too, biting into Tom's meaty shoulder, muffling the long moan of latin boys. The boy kissed his back and his neck and his idolized blond hair. They rolled onto the bed and lay side by side. Tom turned to face the boy, rolled his eyes heavenward, and said "Wheh!" Guillermo's mouth came down hard against Tom's lip. The boy was excited again. For that matter, so was Tom.

Mexico had completed its seduction.

...

The crowing of the gas-station roosters woke Tom the next morning. He was alone. He had a hangover. A pearl of clear semen clung to the tip of his penis.

He dressed and sought out the father, who grinned and said, "*El coche funciona bien*," glancing in the area of Tom's wallet. Tom stuffed some money into the father's hand. The father kept his palm open. Tom peeled off a few more bills. The merchant shrugged, pocketed the cash and said, "*Gracias*." He asked Tom if he wanted to join them for breakfast. Tom wanted to be off. Besides, this detour had just about broke him.

Ha, he thought, I did get robbed after all. Tom wondered where the boy was. Tom remembered everything about the night before. It did not frighten him, he did not feel

guilty, and he tended to smile when he thought about it. "Well, how do you like that," he had said to himself at odd moments when he was dressing or shaving at the mirror.

"*Senor?*" Guillermo called, and Tom turned to see the boy approaching, no longer sullen, but open and smiling. Tom slapped the boy on the arm. "Hey, bud-die," he said.

There was an awkward silence. Guillermo looked down at his shoeless feet, then he lifted up his eyes, his beautiful black eyes with their beautiful thick lashes and the scar that broke his eyebrow and he said, "*Vaya con Dios*."

"*Vaya con Dios*, Guillermo."

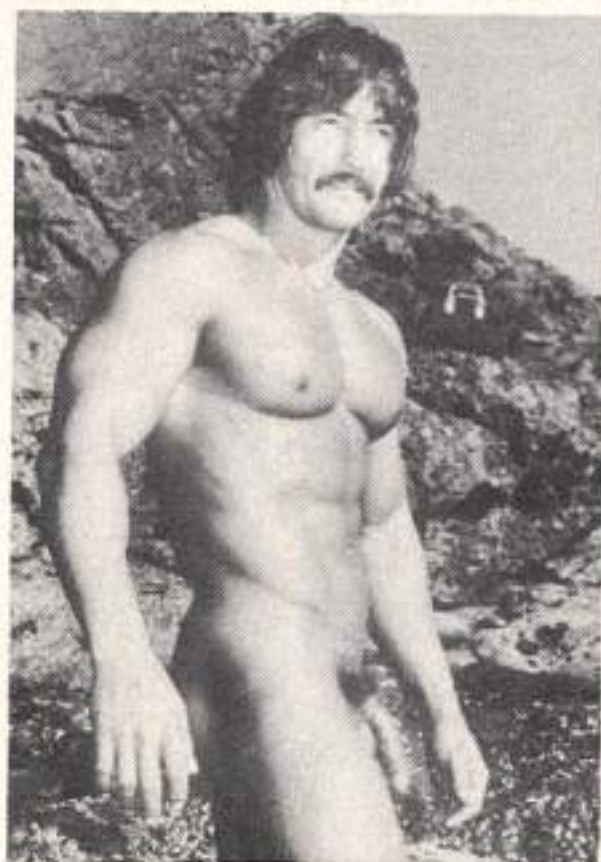
Tom thanked the father, saluted the boy and drove off in a cloud of dust, roosters scattering in his wake. From the rearview mirror, he could see the father and son watching him go down the road, and then the father left the scene and Guillermo remained, dwindling smaller and smaller until he disappeared altogether.

It was not until he had entered Mexico City that Tom noticed the bag left on the back seat of his car. He opened it. Inside were three sunset-hued, fiesta-bright mangoes, enormous in size.

"Jesus!" Tom laughed shaking his head. "Mexico!"

He entered the glass doors of the hotel where he would register, sleep and do his business the next day. ■■

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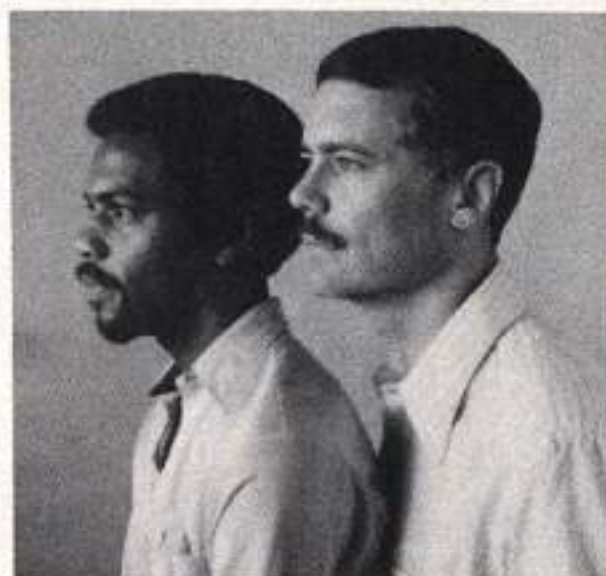
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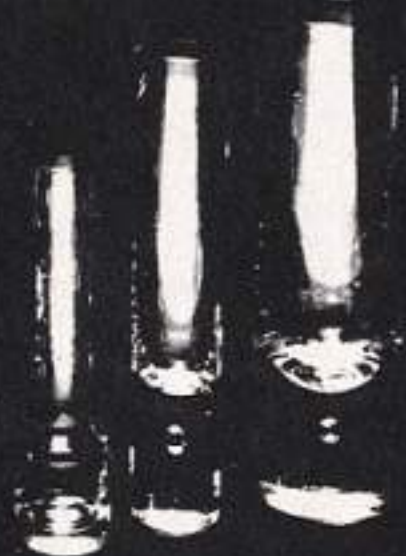
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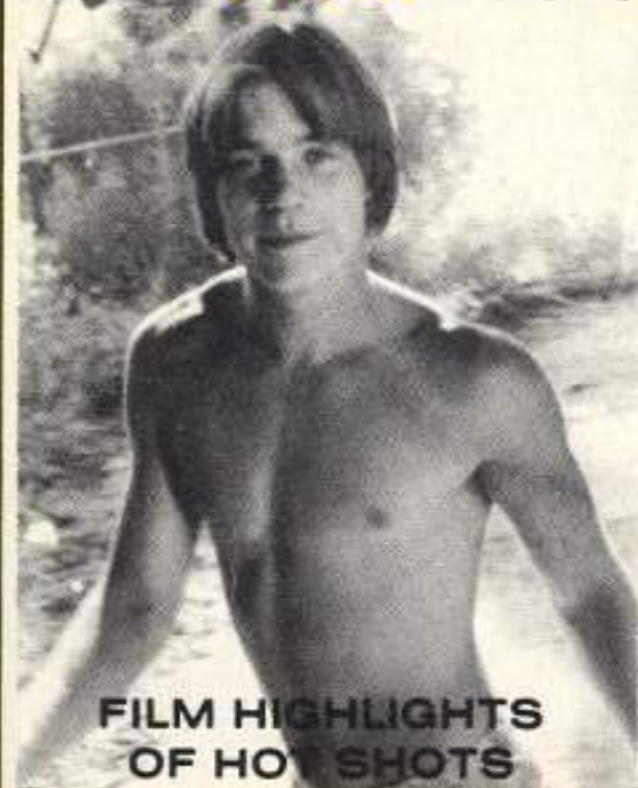
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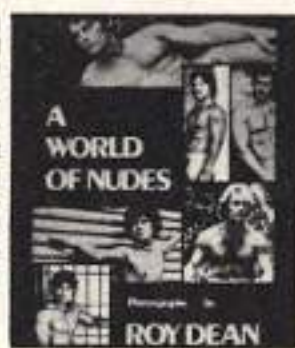


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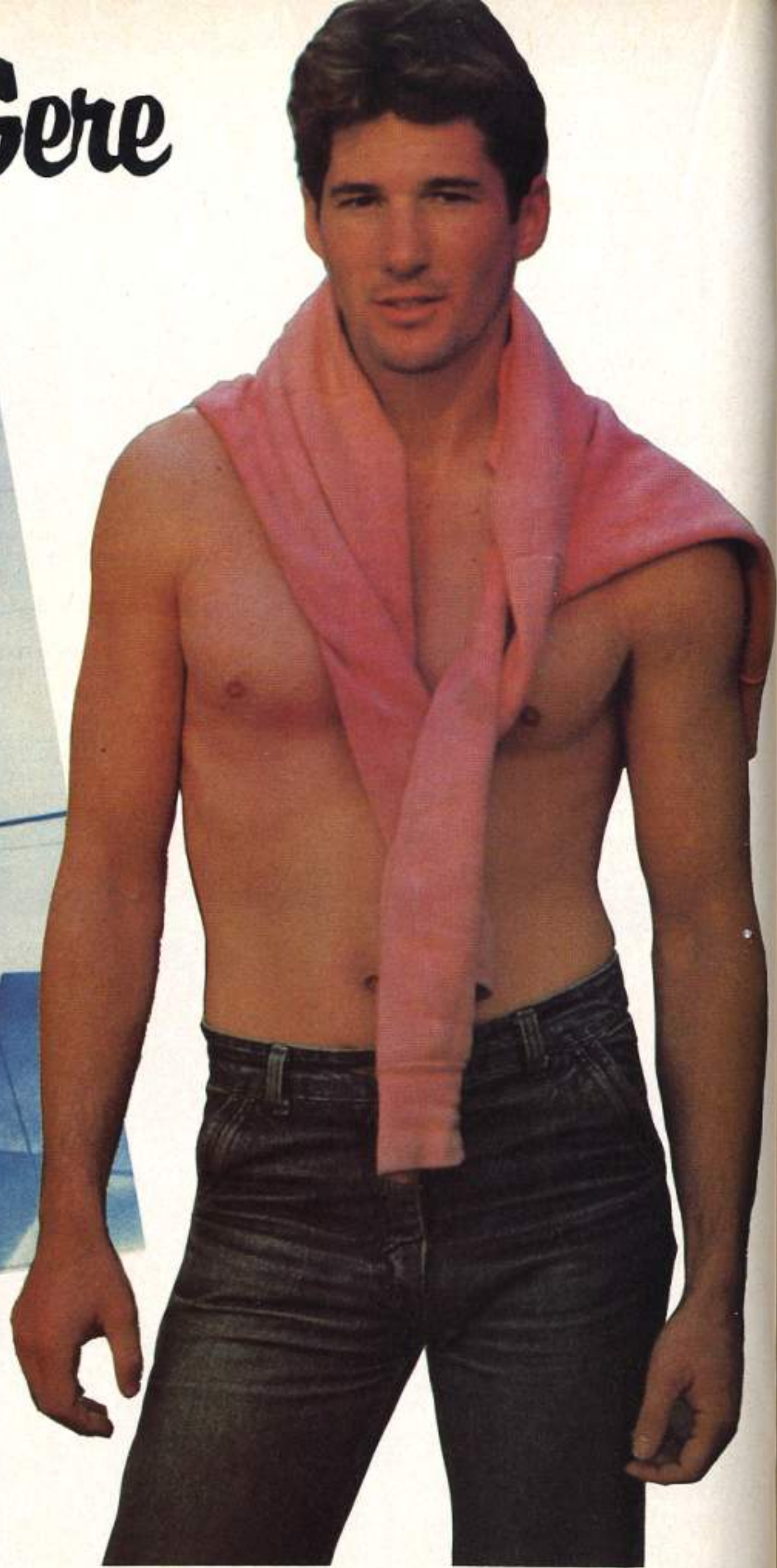
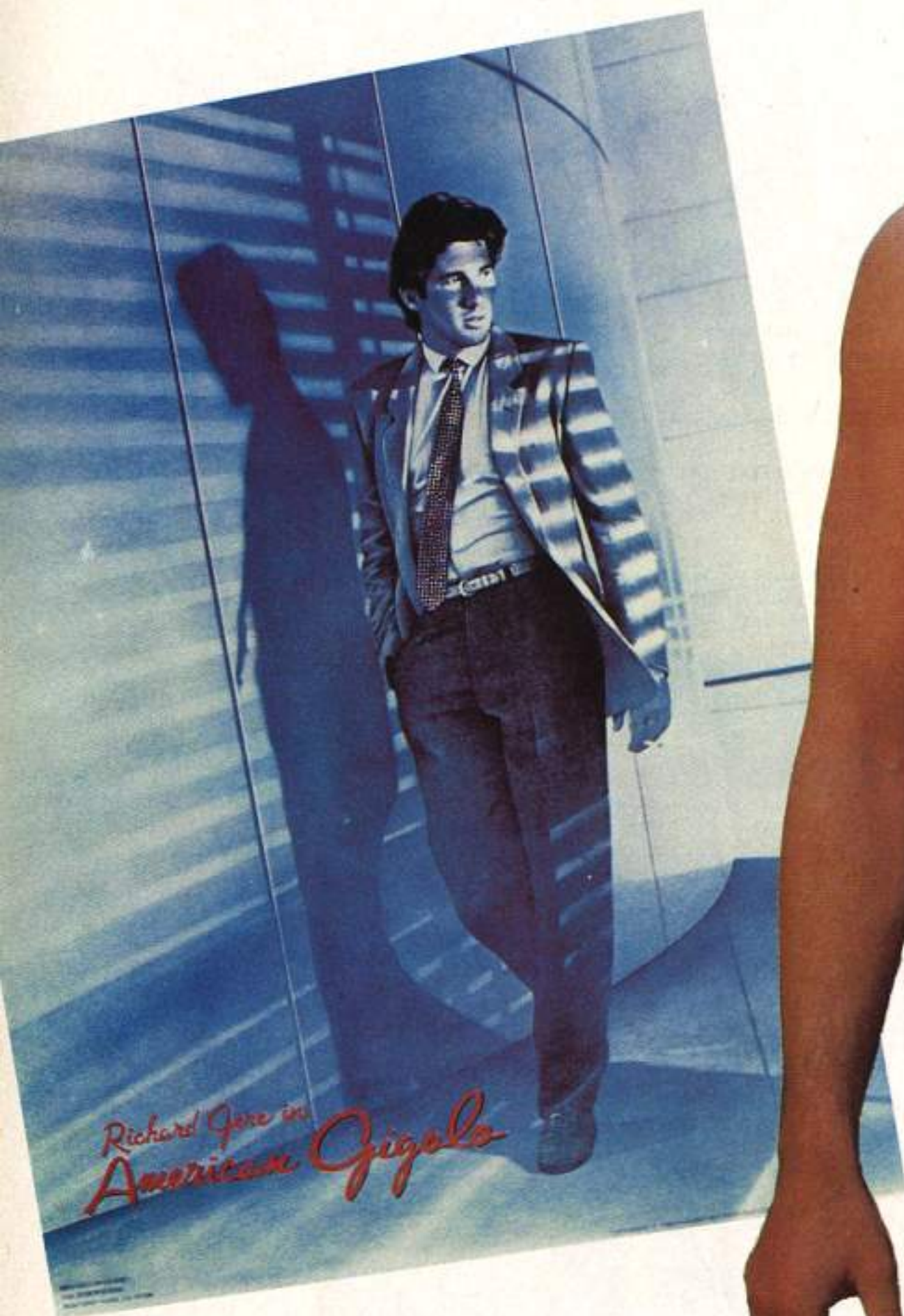
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# Richard Gere

By Jeremy Hughes

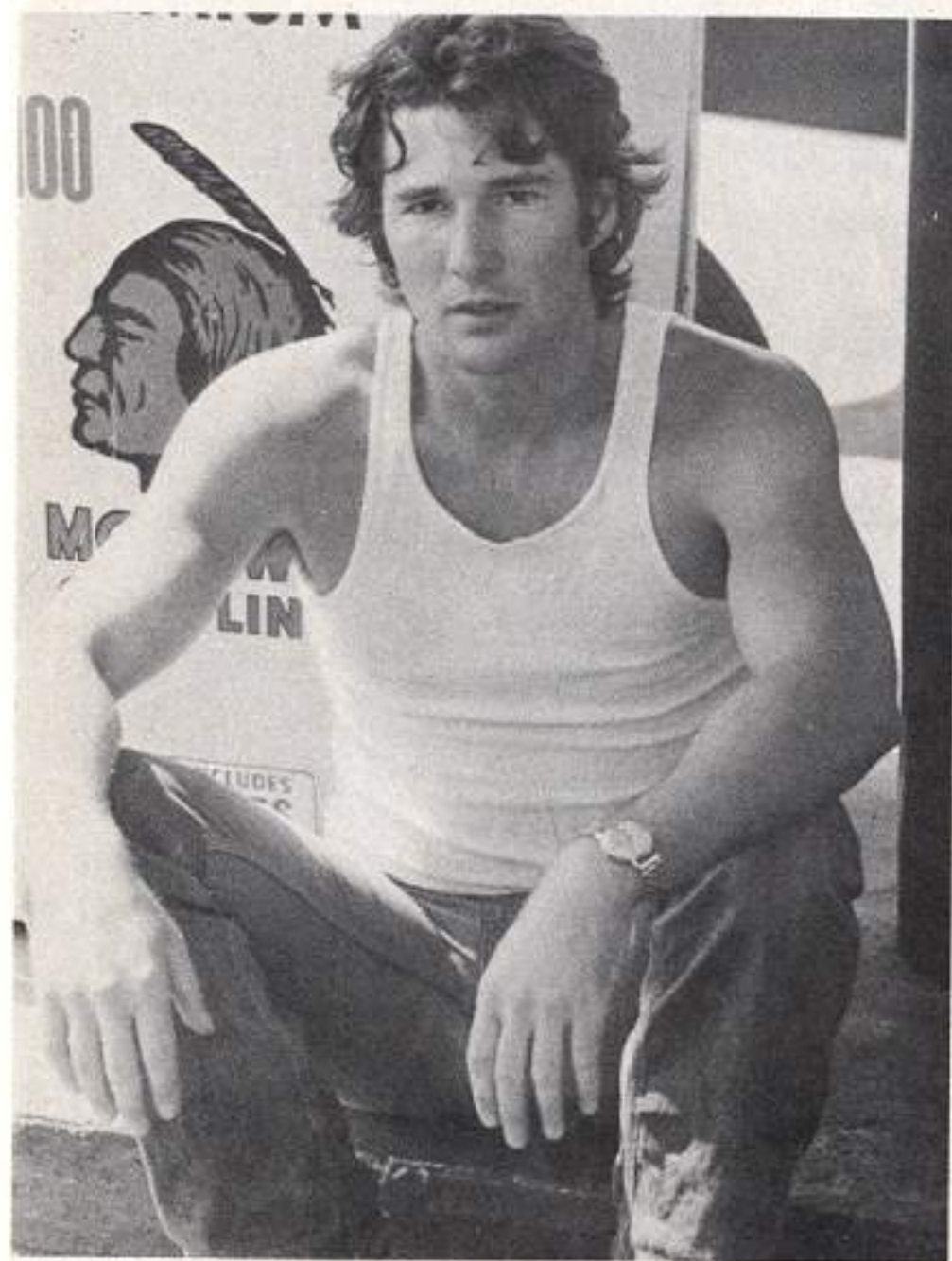


**T**here is a moment in the movie, *American Gigolo*, when Richard Gere gets out of bed naked, strides over to the window and strikes what can only be called a pose. Legs in the *contraposto* position, dick and balls presented, head turned determinedly away from the audience, in profile, as he looks out through the venetian blinds. He stands there in the bars of slant light and is so stock still—seeming even to be holding his breath—that the moment becomes endless, finally embarrassing to the audience,

or at least to a large chunk of the audience, which clears its throat, shifts uncomfortably in its seat and, like him, seems also to hold its breath. The invitation is inescapable. The conclusion, likewise. Gere's gear—while not spectacular—gives a certain meaty authority to his casting in this fitful film essay about the sleaze and opulence that round out the life of a top Beverly Hills callboy.

But we didn't have to see *American Gigolo* to know that Richard Gere had balls. He has made seven films and in each picture, he





Above, a blond Richard Gere with Jan-Michael Vincent in **Baby Blue Marine** (Columbia Pictures); left, in **Bloodbrothers** (Warner Bros.); right, on the town in New York (Charles Moniz).



has always given us a little erotica to dream on. He has played a Puerto Rican pimp (his self-described "inauspicious" film debut in *Report to the Commissioner*); a shell-shocked, psycho marine who is stripped to his skivvies by no less than Jan Michael Vincent (*Baby Blue Marine*); another flipped-out psycho, in a jock-strap this time, hustling both men and women (*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*); a strapping wheat harvester, fully clothed—but this boy fully clothed is worth ten porno stars in the clinches (*Days of Hea-*

*ven*); a sensitive 19-year-old hardhat in jockey shorts (*Bloodbrothers*); a bare-assed, showering soldier who loses his hard-on at the climatic moment (*Yanks*); and the already mentioned cock-for-hire cookie in *American Gigolo*.

Most important, he recently starred on Broadway in *Bent* as a gay man, imprisoned by the Nazis, who hides his gay identity until his love for an upfrontly-gay prisoner forces him to reveal himself. When the prisoner is killed, Gere picks up the prisoner's coat with

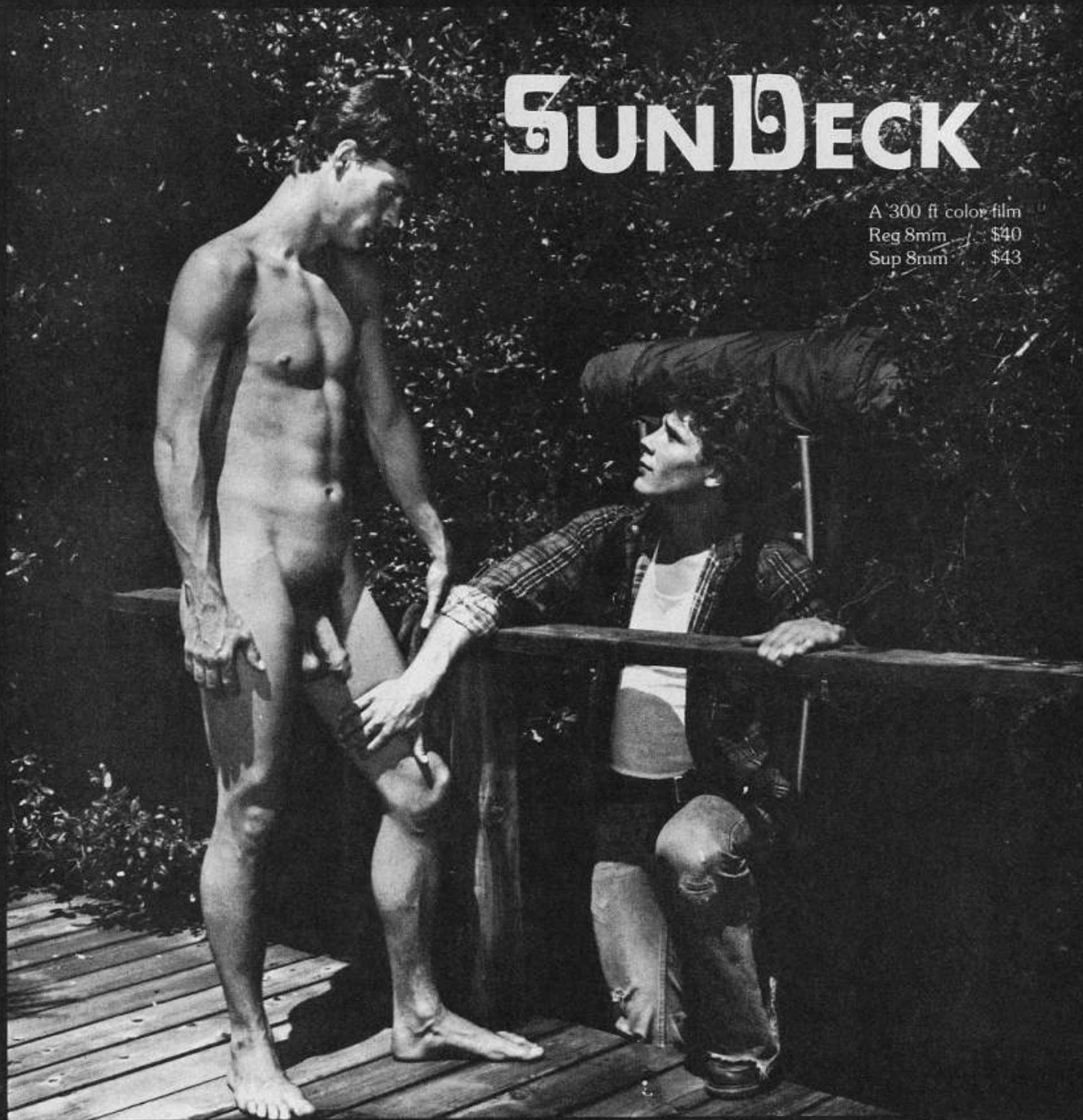


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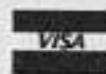


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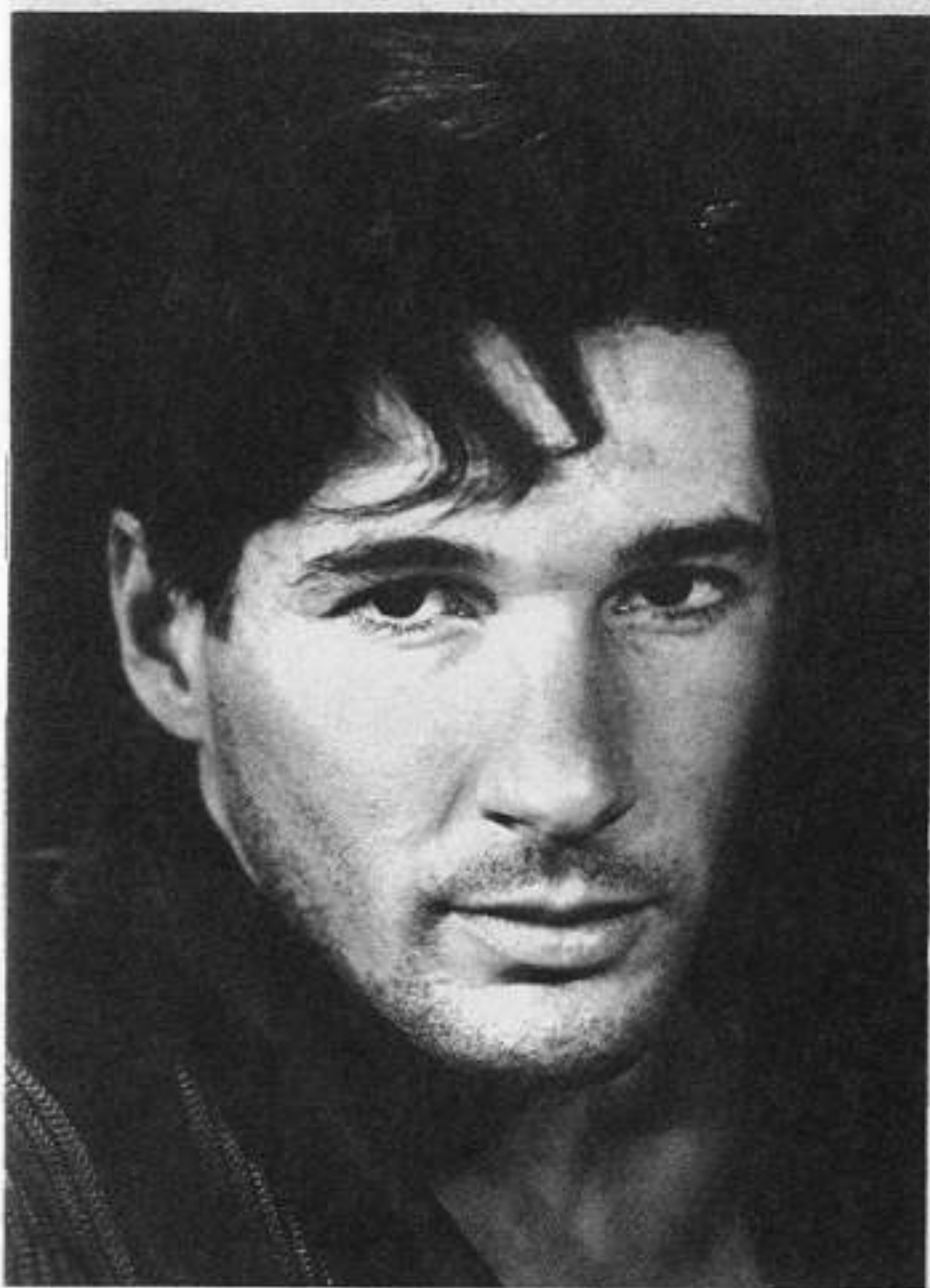
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Moments from the Broadway play **Bent** (James Hamilton).



the pink triangle on it, puts it on and dies as a gay man. An overwhelming play, it contains a scene in which Gere talks his fellow inmate to orgasm. (Constantly monitored, they are forbidden to touch.) So committed was Gere to the play that he shucked his glamor-boy image for a brutal concentration-camp haircut, thus establishing the precedent for all the actors who succeeded him in the role. Not bad for a guy who says his first movie idol was Steve Reeves.

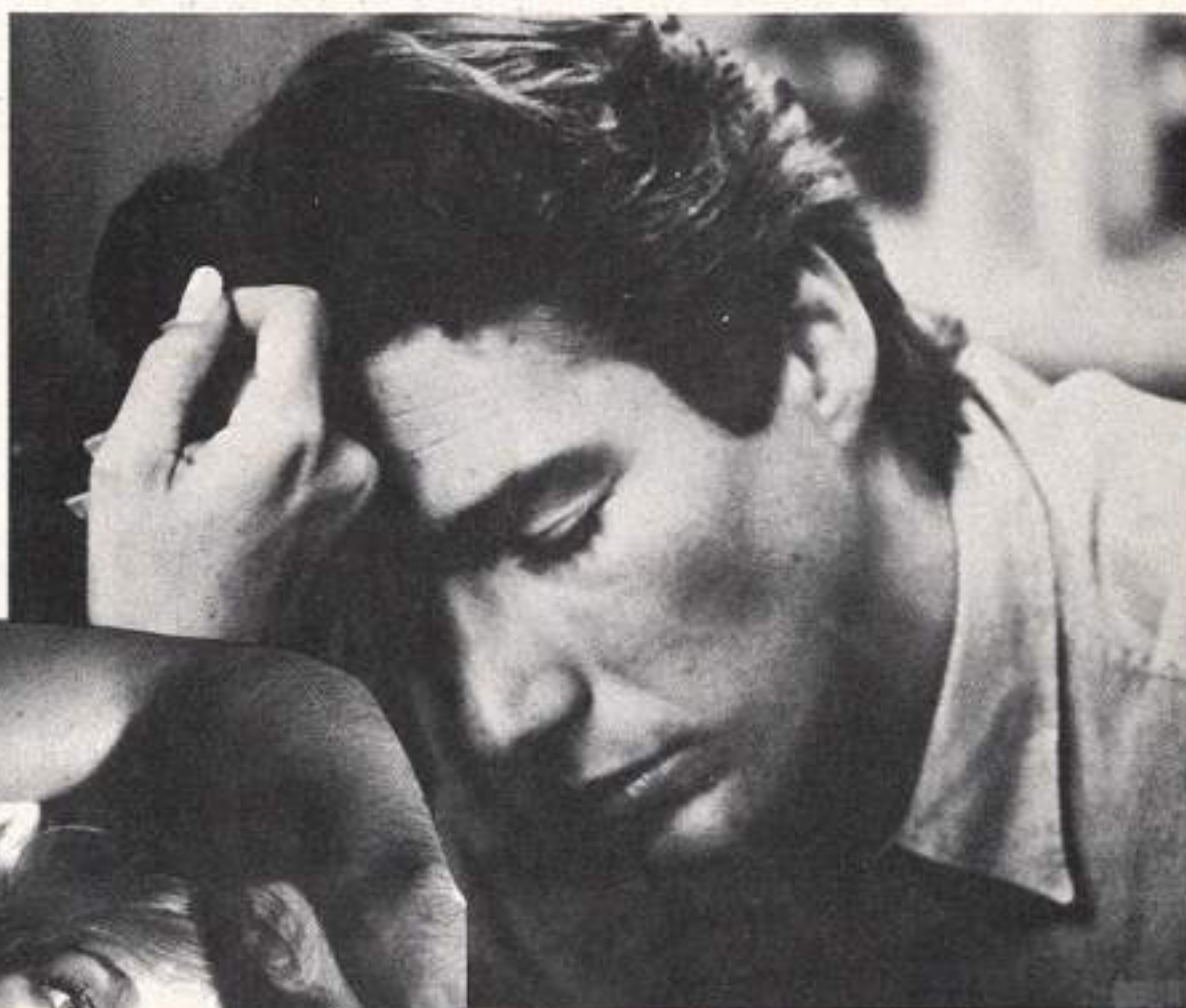
"The characters I play," Gere says, "are not exactly the brightest people in the world. I don't know why but the roles I've liked the most are the down-and-out, non-intellectual, volatile people. I've exorcised a lot of demons with these characters." One demon that stayed on to bug him, however, was the bisexual hustler he played in *Mr. Goodbar*. "After that film, a lot of fruitcakes started coming on to me..."

"Are you referring to homosexuals?" We interrupt.





Above, Gere is arrested for a murder he did not commit in *American Gigolo*. Below and right, two tender scenes with Lauren Hutton from the same film (Paramount Pictures).



Opposite page, Gere's Beverly Hills call-boy reveals all in these memorable moments from *American Gigolo*. His window-side monologue steamed the glasses of moviegoers around the world (Paramount Pictures).

"Excuse me. Gay people and all kinds of people," he continues. "They want to drop over for a drink, or they want you to come over there for a drink. They assure you you'll enjoy yourself."

As a rule, the 31-year-old actor shuns publicity. "I have no intention of becoming the flavor of the month." Still he did do a beef-cake poster—due, he claims, to his agent's insistence—that should insure his place, in certain hearts at least, as the flavor of the decade.

"It's so weird, man," he says. "I got this whole fucking thing, this *specific* madness because I wasn't going to do any publicity. My agent freaked." Gere still cringes about a promotional appearance his agent talked him into. He was to be interviewed on the *Today Show*. "I walked into this set and self-destructed. I started giggling, put a hand over my face and smoked a cigarette through my fingers, looking like a real asshole . . . I will not appear on the Johnny Carson show. I'd end up doing something outrageous like





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dropping my pants!"

A good actor, an instinctual performer, Gere has managed to make a name for himself despite several stunning setbacks. He dropped out of *Midnight Express* five weeks before the cameras were set to role; the movie became a smash hit. He lost the main role in the influential *Urban Cowboy* when John Travolta decided he wanted it. Travolta, by the way, still stinging from his *Moment by Moment* fiasco, had given up *American Gigolo* (which, of

course, Gere got) for the more commercially-oriented *Urban Cowboy*.

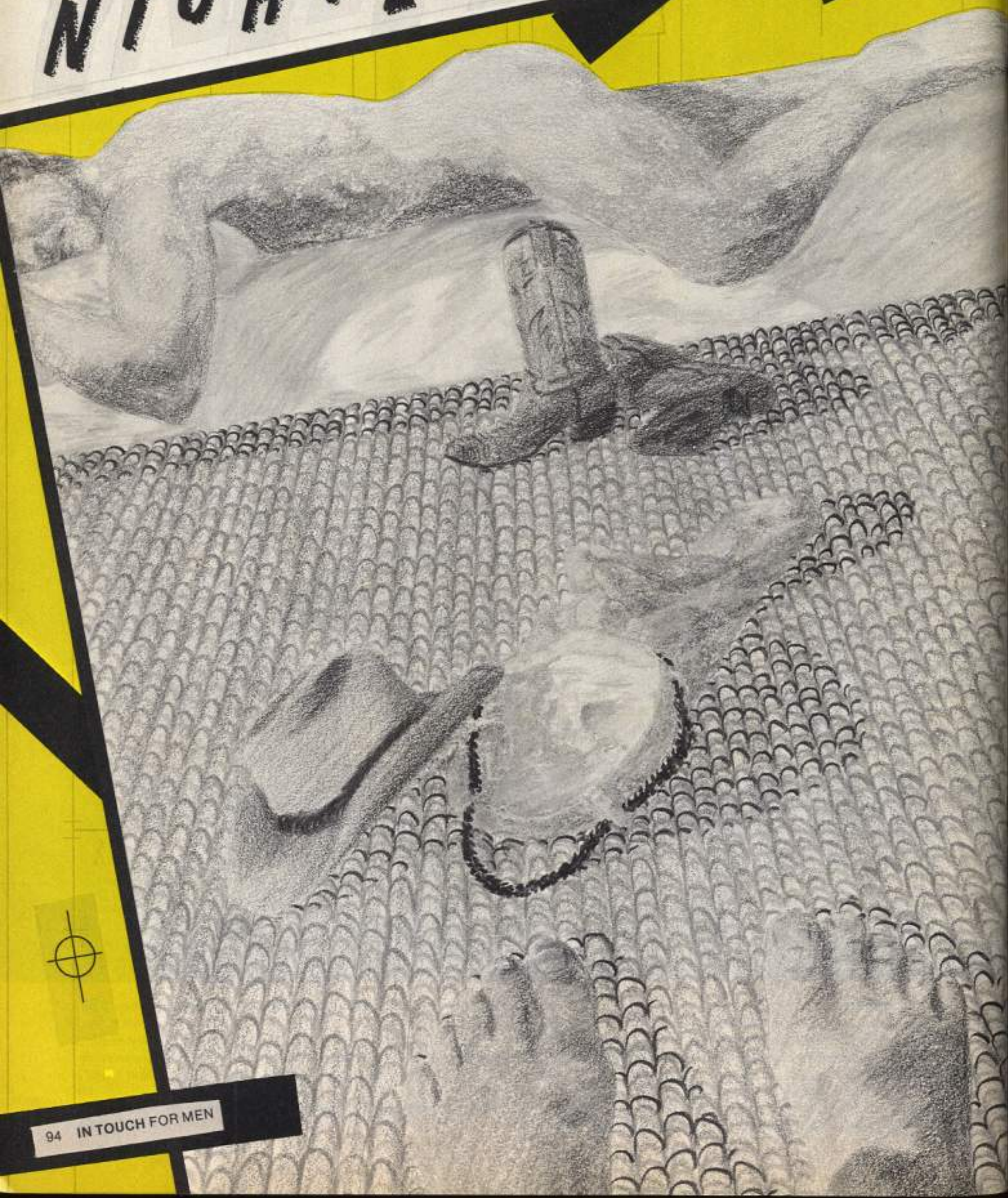
"This business is very seductive," Gere says. "It's very easy to manipulate an audience because seeing a movie is a very easy experience . . . Moviemaking is like jerking off. You don't get energy back."

Well, hell, Richard, you can jerk us off anytime.

■ ■



# NIGHTLIFE!



**RANCHO NOTORIC**  
want to have lunch i  
it's all right with us,  
ray Brosious, own  
cluded Texas resort  
Vista. "But we try t  
per a little more  
Rancho Vista, whic  
Rose (80 miles o  
Worth) is the dream  
of Brosius and  
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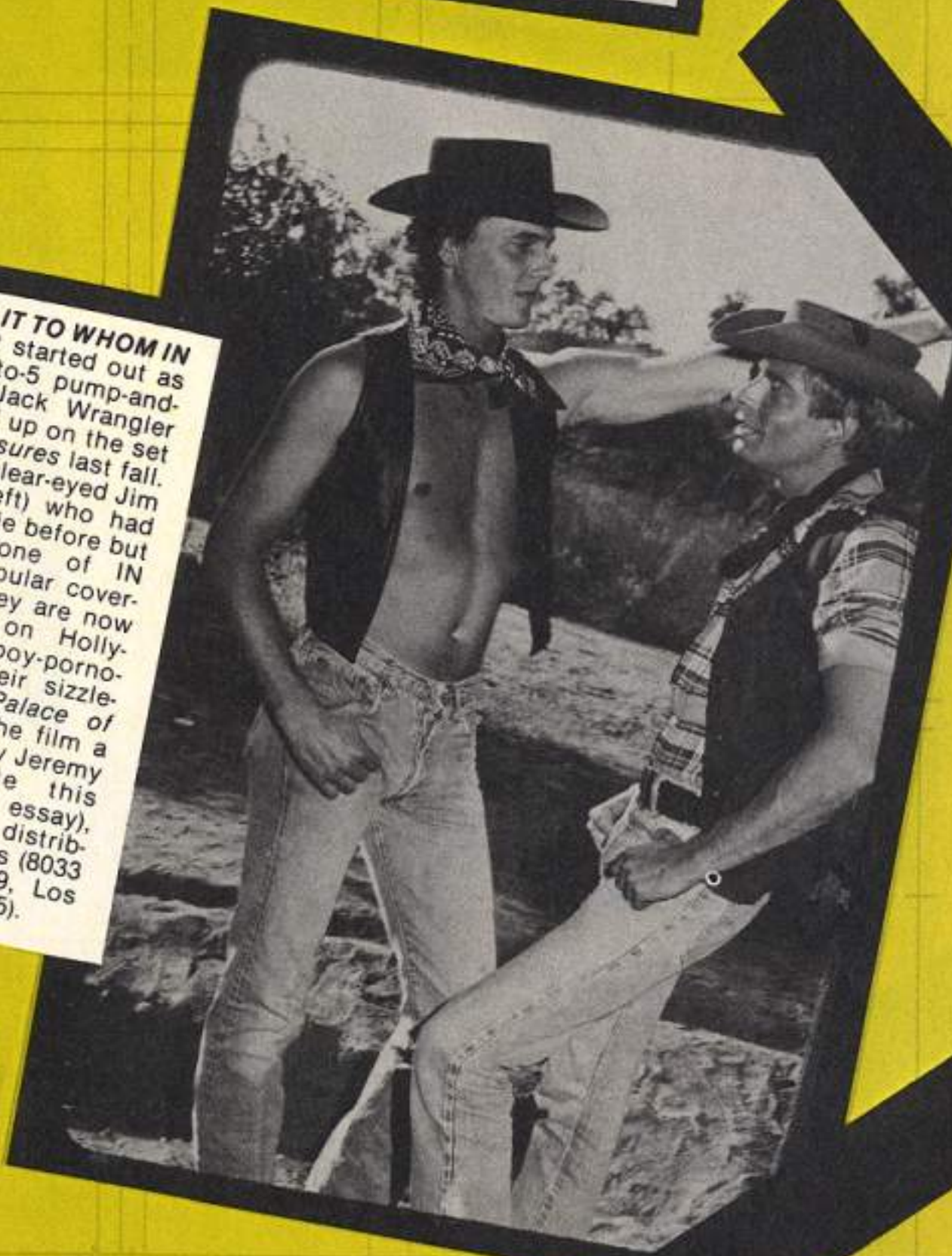


**PRETTY MISS KITTY:** She used to oversee the Long Branch, now she hangs out at a great gay bar in North Hollywood called Rawhide, which bought the portrait of Miss Kitty (Amanda Blake) that had graced the saloon on *Gunsmoke* for the 20 years the TV series lasted. Rawhide, which is famous in Hollywood because it features live country-western bands—and, at times, that newest of phenomena, openly gay country-western bands—is planning a gala hoe-down, at press time, when the painting is unveiled... hope-fully by Amanda Blake in the Raw? Or should we say in the Raw?



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL BOWERSOCK

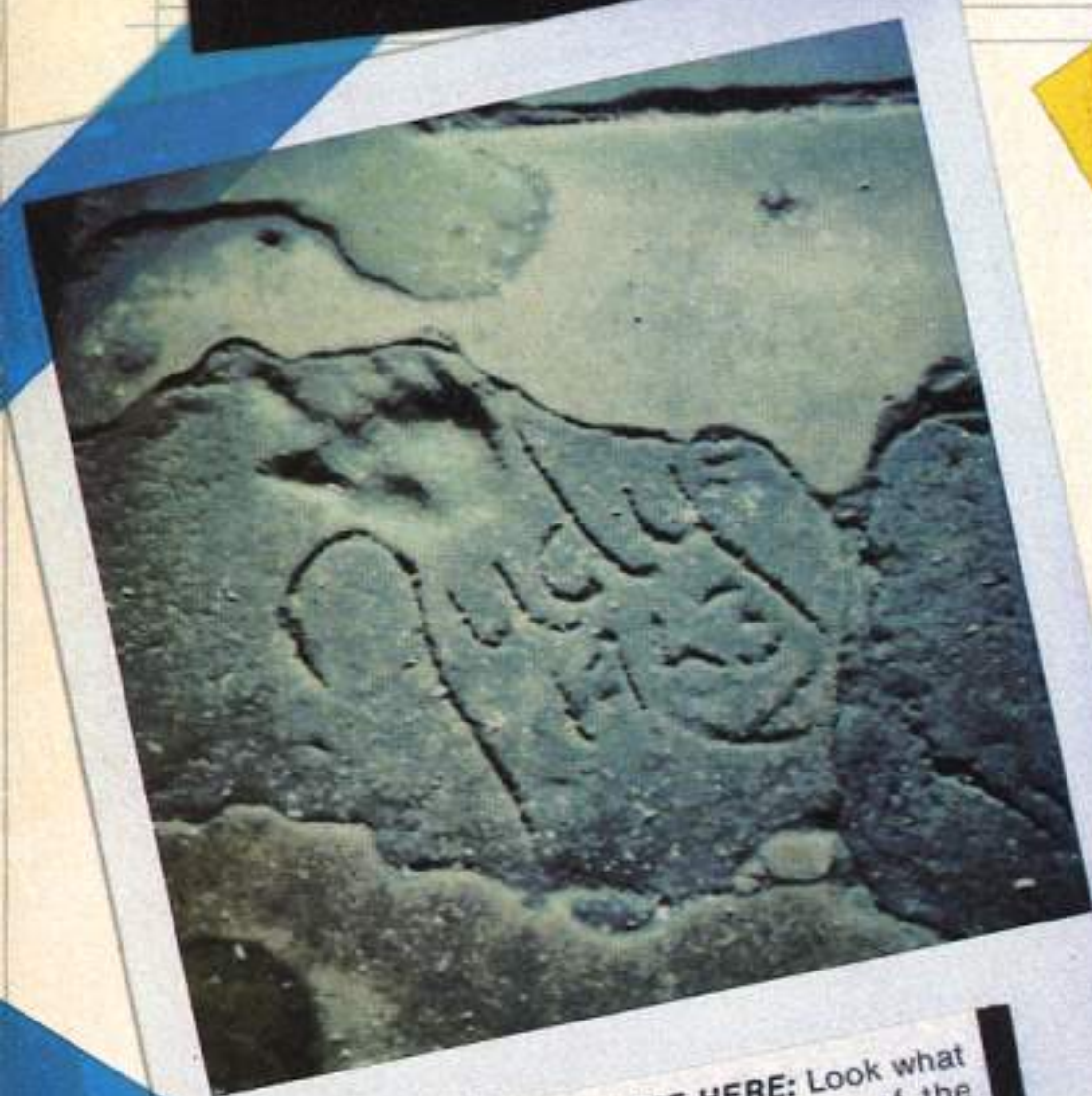
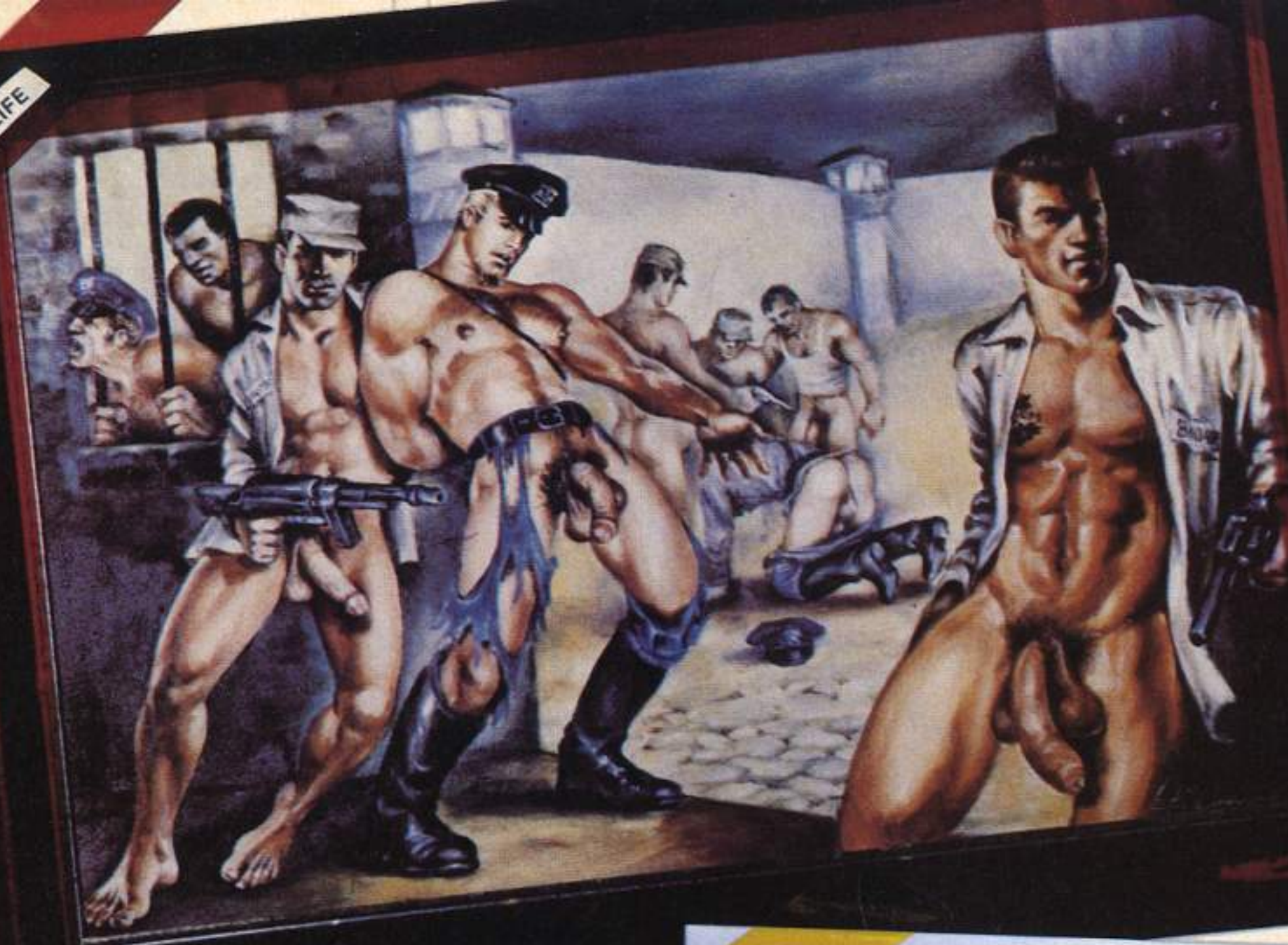
**WHO'S DOING IT TO WHOM IN MOVIELAND:** It started out as just another 9-to-5 pump-and-hump job for Jack Wrangler when he showed up on the set of *Palace of Pleasures* last fall. But then he met clear-eyed Jim Rogers (on the left) who had never made a movie before but who had been one of *IN TOUCH*'s most popular cover-men (#41). Well, they are now the hottest item on Hollywood's beautiful-boy-porno-point tet-a-tets in *Palace of Pleasure* has made the film a best-seller. Scripted by Jeremy Hughes (who wrote this month's Richard Gere essay), *Palace of Pleasures* is distributed by F&S Enterprises (8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 489, Los Angeles, CA 90046; \$99.95).



**RANCHO NOTORIOUS:** "If you want to have lunch in the nude, it's all right with us," says Murray Brosious, owner of secluded Texas resort El Rancho Vista. "But we try to keep supper a little more formal." El Rancho Vista, which is in Glen Rose (80 miles out of Fort Worth) is the dream come true of Brosious and co-owner Robert Newton, two corporate managers in Dallas who wanted to get out of the corporate rat-race. Thus, the resort is noted for its relaxed atmosphere and its habit of spoiling guests with the hosts' home cooking.







**JUDY SLEPT HERE:** Look what we found on the floor of the Stud in Hollywood. Judy Garland's signature! Back in the forties, when the bar was a popular movie-star nightcap spot (it being just down the street from Paramount Studio), Judy left her mark—predestining it, no doubt, to become what it is today, an always busy leather/western bar.

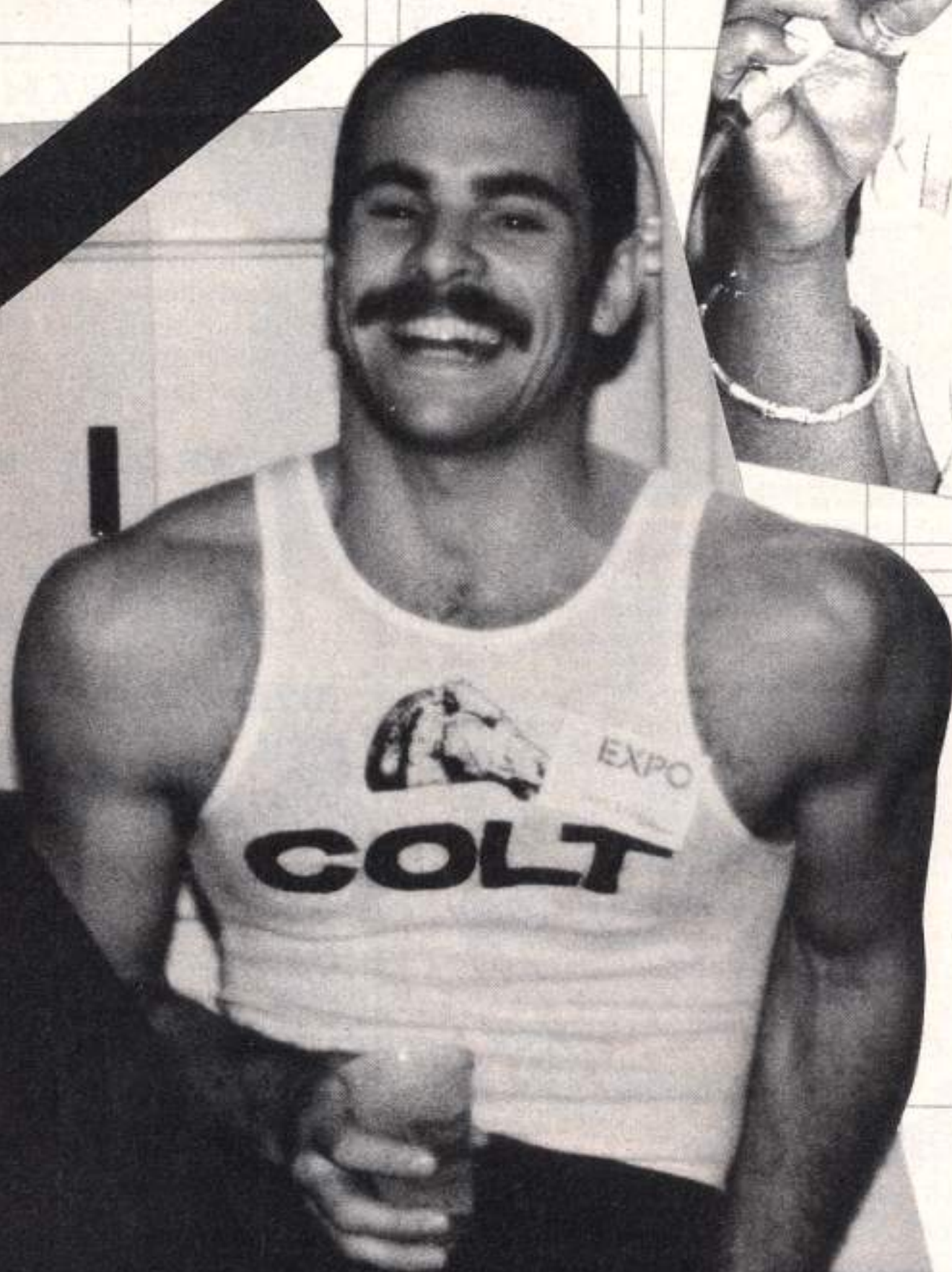


**TOY OF THE MONTH:** The Clone Doll (exclusively from the Academy Restaurant, 6236 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036; \$21.50). It doesn't walk, it doesn't talk—it just cruises (look at those bug eyes!). The Academy, a friendly piano bar in Hollywood, has the clone doll custom-made by little old ladies (really) in Hermosa Beach who have no idea what those hankies in the doll's back pocket are all about.



**THIS JOINT IS JUMPIN':** Here we see sex in prison as it is probably dreamed of by prisoners. But then wet dreams are the stock in trade of artist Etienne. No camera could deliver what he does when his

well-hung imagination starts perking. The work at left comes from *The Art of Etienne* (Target, Box 692, Canal St. Station, NYC 10013; \$11.00), which includes hyper-sexualized cowboys getting their boots licked, a cute-as-a-button male secretary taking "dick-tation" under the boss' desk, calf-necked marines jocking out with baby-faced sailors. All rendered with a jerk-offable realism. Recommended.



**EXPO-SURE:** "A lot of you are wondering why I'm wearing high heels—well, this is a Gay Expo, isn't it." So quipped disco star Sylvester when he performed at the "Gay and Lesbian Lifestyles Expo," the first gathering of gay businesses under one roof in Southern California. The Expo was held at L.A.'s Convention Center, donated its profits to the Gay Community Center and stated as its purpose the exposure "of the business community to the gay and lesbian consumer." Among the businesses were Colt Studio, selling posters and calendars of their (pant, pant) models and featuring Gunner Hyde (left) in the ample flesh. (Gunner is currently seen—and obscene—with our Coverman Kirby Scott in *Gym Nasties*.) Also present were a Datsun car dealership, a Millers Beer concession, Hollywood dance bar The Jungle, lubricant-dealer B. Cumming Elbow Grease, Las Vegas men's spa Camp David, social organization G.S.F., tour agency Gunderson Travel, aroma-manufacturers Hardware, Quicksilver and Bolt, the clothing store The PX, river resort Simon Junction and a cast of thousands. So many people came, in fact, that another expo was immediately planned for the next year.



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# THREE DAY PASS



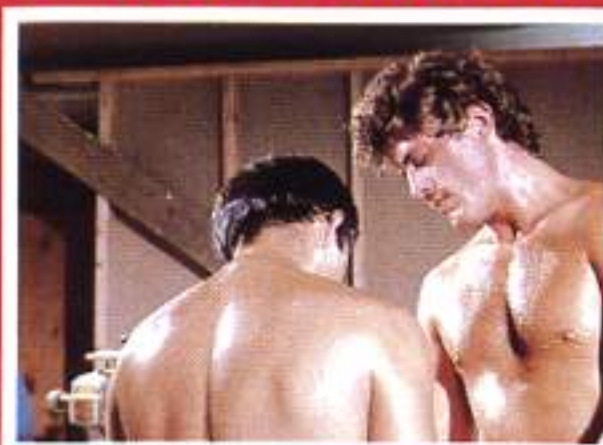
**THE SCALIWAGS**



**AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!**



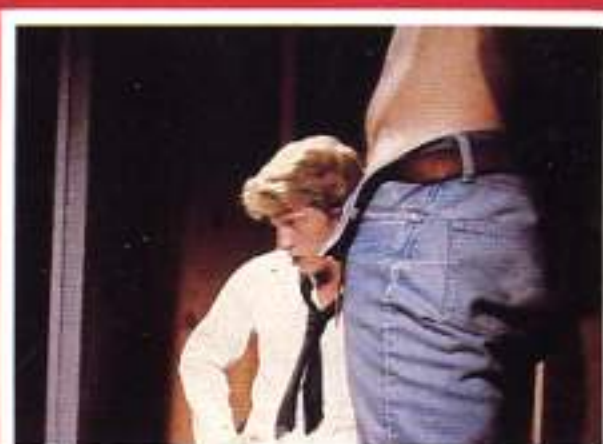
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**SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS**



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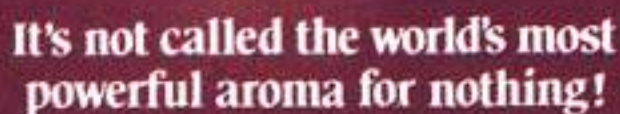


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